LISANDER

Or the

SOULDIER

OF

FORTUNE,

A

NOVEL.

Lusimus innocui——

LONDON,

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Deſerving and Ingenious *William Forreſter* of *Dottel* Eſq;

SIR,

MY Liſander *that never us'd to beg any bodies Protection but that of the Ladies, now caſts himſelf at your feet, and humbly ſues for yours. If his* Engliſh *be none of the fineſt-ſpun, I deſire you would remember he has been a Souldier and a Traveller: and if the miſtakes in*

his Conduct cannot now and then eſcape without obſervation, I would have other men learn Wiſdom at his expence, and make uſe of thoſe Rocks whereon he ſplit, for Sea-marks. I never deſign'd to draw his Character ſo great, that like Pantagruel's *Doublet it ſhould fit no body elſe; it is far ſhort of that which our men of Wit are us'd to give their brain-born Hero's, and therefore he thought it dangerous to Addreſs himſelf to any but a very Candid* Mecænas. *Such, I am very well aſſur'd, you are, and for fear of being miſtaken, I have all the Kingdom on my ſide.*

But your early Honours both Civil and Military have sav'd me the labour of a Panegyrick, (the ordinary entertainment of Dedications) and only left me room to say, 'tis pity your Vertue is so singular, and that your merit has no more Emulators.

Sir, this is the first Dedication that ever I made, and it may be the first that ever you receiv'd; and if you chance to meet with any thing in these Maiden sheets that shall please, I shall think my pen has lost her Virginity with honour, and begin to arrogate to my self the Mighty Title of an Author,

only for having the honour of ſo great a Patron.

All that remains now Sir, *is to beg your Pardon, for ventring to prefix your name to ſuch a Triſtle without your leaſt knowledg or Conſent: All the excuſe I can make is this, I did it without making you acquainted, that you might bear it condemn'd without bluſhing, and never think your ſelf in the leaſt concern'd to defend the Errours of*

Your humble Servant

T. S.

Liſan-

LISANDER,
Or the
SOULDIER
OF
FORTUNE.

THey that have taken pains to digeſt Moral Philoſophy into a Body, or Syſtem of Precepts, have always aſſign'd Virtue the middle place between two Extremes. And yet methinks, a very little Logick, more than what we ſuck from our Nurſes, might ſhew a man of Senſe ſuch knots, and difficulties in the

assertion, as *Aristotle* himself (were he alive again) might find enough to do to resolve. For Example, Covetousness, and Prodigality are the Extremes of Liberality: and so are Cowardize and Fool-hardiness of Fortitude: and yet we must confess, that both these Excesses are the more easily corrected, and so nearer to the Mean than either of the contrary defects: Otherwise the terms of Magnificent and Heroick (which in all Ages have met with such a profound respect) could never be either necessary, or suitable to the Character of a Great man. Were it not to give my Reader occasion of suspecting my own inclinations, I might say as much of the excess of Love, which though it have driven many out of the beaten paths, and methods which the severer precepts of our Grand-fathers have design'd, yet can the most of those Truants say, and the World will subscribe to

them beſides, that they have commonly been perſons of the fineſt Spirits, and the greateſt Souls, and have done ſuch things, as may juſtly challenge an honourable remembrance, as long as brave Actions have any Golden Legends, and which (it may be) they had never ſo much as enterpriz'd, under any other Conduct, but that of the Blind God.

I do not offer you this Preface, as an entire and abſolute Vindication of all thoſe extravagances, which the Gentleman, that furniſhes the ſubject of this Story, may perhaps have been guilty of, but only to mitigate the ſeverity of your cenſures, and to allay the rigour of your Juſtice, with a little generous tenderneſs, and compaſſion. I will urge this Addreſs on his behalf with no other Argument, but that common Principle of Self-intereſt, which every one finds ſo deep engraven in his own breaſt.

For how can any man think, if by chance he ſhould be overtaken with the like ſurprize, to obtain that pity, and connivance himſelf, which he has diſcourteouſly deni'd to others: And if he ſhall tell me, he is in no danger, and that he is out of ſhot of thoſe childiſh Arms, I dare ſay he does not conſider in the mean while, what an untoward imputation he lays upon his good nature, or what an unmanly violence he does his Reaſon, while all the world muſt needs cenſure him for a deſperate Opiniator, that will not believe his Houſe is as combuſtible as his Neighbours, till he ſee it on fire about his ears.

To keep you no longer in ſuſpenſe, It ſhall ſuffice me to tell you, that our Adventurer (whom in this Relation we ſhall call *Liſander*) was a Gentleman of our own Countrey, of an Ancient, and honourable Family, and it may be the firſt

of his Houſe, that for four Generations had croſs'd the Seas without the leave of his Friends, and a competent Subſiſtence. The occaſion of this bold Deſign has been ſomething uncertainly reported, but they that were of his Secrets, (and he himſelf ſince) tell us, that meeting with ſome oppoſition in his Amours, which neither pleas'd his nor the Ladies Friends, after a tedious reſiſtance of the two contrary Paſſions of Love and Anger, (between which his Soul was diſtracted, and torn in pieces) he found himſelf unequal to the burden, and therefore reſolv'd to try, if croſſing the Seas, he could leave his Cares on this ſide the water. His heart was too great to think of any other Employment, than the Sword; and ſo the War betwixt the Houſe of *Auſtria* and *France*, gave him a fair opportunity. *Liſander* had I know not what natural Averſion to

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the *French* Nation, notwithſtanding that Fortune and Victory at that time ſeem'd to have undertaken the Conduct of their Arms; and therefore reſolves to ſerve the *Spaniard*. The apprehenſions of hard Duty, and bad Pay, and all thoſe Difficulties, which one that has ſerv'd there knows but too well, and a man in his Circumſtances might very reaſonably expect, had been enough to have deterr'd any body, but *Liſander*, from the enterpriſe: and yet the heat of his Youth, and the Greatneſs of his Mind, with the deſire he had of ſcowring thoſe honourable Arms, which one of his Anceſtours had purchas'd againſt the *French* at the famous Battel of *Agincourt*, eaſily contemn'd, and ſurmounted theſe diſadvantages.

Thus he, and the Lady of his Vows, whoſe name was *Sabina*, (after a thouſand Prayers, and Arguments

guments to divert him from this rough, deſign loſt, and thrown away) took leave one of another. They parted with the ſame painful Sighs, and troubled Silence, that Souls leave their Bodies in the Agony of their diſſolution. Something they would both of them have ſaid, but ſuch was their ſurpriſing grief, that their Paſſion found no vent. Tears, and Embraces were the laſt, and only Rhetorical Expreſſions of their croſs Love.

Liſander when he divided himſelf, and went one half for the *Spaniſh Netherlands*, was about Twenty years old.

His complexion was not quite ſo clear as that of a womans, but the Features, and Lineaments of his face were pleaſing, and Majeſtick to Admiration. Nature was ſo kind to him, that he neither wanted, nor wore a Periwig, for (as if ſhe had

had fore-ſeen his Military deſign) She had given him a lovely head of brown Hair, curl'd all in ſuch rings, as the Ladies of the laſt Generation call'd Heart-breakers. He was ſomething taller than the ordinary ſort of men, and ſo delicately well limb'd, and ſhap'd to his height, that you would have thought Nature had intended him only for a Pattern. His very Meen, and Preſence had always ſomething in them of Noble, and if ever he had deni'd his blood, would have been ſure to have given him the lie. But (which made every body wonder) he had a particular way of wearing his Clothes, though neither he, nor any body elſe knew where the ſecret lay; for whatever Suit he had on, became him a great deal better than richer Clothes did another man. He had already paſs'd five years in one of the Inns of Court, where you may

be

be ſure he had learn'd to know which Pocket his money was in, and how many two and two are, without a Conjurer. His Natural Abilities (without which 'tis impoſſible to be excellent in any thing) were ſuch, as drew every bodies eyes upon him, whatever he did or ſaid. He was of a ſtrong, and piercing Judgment, a ready Wit, a moſt undaunted Conſtancy and Reſolution, an indefatigable Diligence, and of a wonderful quick Diſpatch. In a word, take him altogether, he was a man of a moſt becoming and Gentile Addreſs, and all his Actions were accompanied with a certain fatal agreeableneſs, for which we have no name. Only his Diſpoſition was a little too ſuſceptible of that ſweet Poyſon, that gentle Torment, that deſirable Evil, and almoſt inſeparable Plague of a great Mind, Love, which would now and then be a little too buſie

buſie in his Management, often ſtealing ſome Minutes from a ſerious hour, and ſpoiling a good nights reſt after a hard days labour.

Heaven, and the Sea were loath to cruſh ſo brave a Spirit in the ſetting forth, and ſo he arriv'd at *Dunkirk* (once an *Engliſh* Garriſon) in one Afternoon, where the next Morning he took leave of the Maſter of the Veſſel, and with his Horſe, and a hundred Broad-pieces, which was all his Stock, ſet forward towards *Bruſſels*, (where the General of the *Spaniſh* Forces was at that time) to lay the foundation of his Fortune of War.

His arrival at the out-guards before the Gates of the City, did him the Office of a Court Addreſs, and without any of thoſe preliminary Solemnities, which are ordinarily made uſe of to introduce men into the preſence of a Prince, the cuſtom of bringing Strangers to be

examin'd

examin'd whence they come, and what their buſineſs is, was his ſafe Conduct to the General. It happen'd, that the King of *England*'s Reſident at the Court was at that time attending the General about ſome buſineſs of his Maſters, and ſo very opportunely ſerv'd for Interpreter between the General and *Liſander*. It is ſtrange to obſerve what a gentle influence Beauty has upon all mens affections, and how inſenſibly it makes it ſelf room in our wills, for no ſooner had *Liſander* told him his inclinations, but the General was over-joy'd to ſee a Gentleman of his Breeding, and appearance come to offer his Service In the War. And being well aſſur'd of his Parts and underſtanding, by the pertinence and good manage of his Addreſs, receiv'd him with greater Demonſtrations of Courteſie, and more Affability than the manner of that grave Nation,

and

and the height of their Spirits does ordinarily vouchſafe. And as he was about to Conſult with the Reſident, which way, or what Method he ſhould uſe to ſerve this Young Gentleman in his pretenſions, (ſeeing he had never born Arms) A *Spaniſh Maeſtro di Campo*, or Colonel of the Army, that was juſt come from *Gant*, where his Regiment lay, and had heard all the Diſcourſe, told his Excellence (not without ſome Paſſion) that there was an *Alfier*, or Enſigns Commiſſion in his Regiment to diſpoſe of, and if the Gentleman (in regard it was a proper and an honourable Office for a perſon of Quality to learn the Trade of War in) pleas'd to accept it, and his Excellence would give leave, he would think himſelf extremely honour'd, and promis'd that he would take a moſt particular Charge of him, as if he were his own Son;

ſuch

ſuch a mighty impreſſion and prevalence had the very Preſence, and Addreſs of *Liſander*.

The motion was very acceptable on all ſides, only the General told *Liſander*, he was almoſt aſham'd to make him ſo little an offer, but if he pleas'd to content himſelf till he was acquainted with the *Spaniſh* Tongue, and the Diſcipline of War, he doubted not but to find means to do ſomething for him which might deſerve his acceptance. *Liſander* made him a handſome and grave return of his Compliment, and told him that he was too ſenſible of his own want of merit, not to underſtand the honour he was pleas'd to do him, and that he would ſtudy to avoid the imputation of an ingrate, more than he would the preſervation of his Life. That very night he accompanied his Colonel towards *Gant*, who was almoſt extaſied with his good

good Fortune, and verily believ'd his good Angel had taken care to Conduct him into the Generals presence in that lucky Conjuncture.

Four whole years did *Liſander* ſerve in that Regiment, in which time (young as he was) he made a ſhift (almoſt without æmulation) to run through all the Charges, and Offices from an Enſign, to a Lieutenant Colonel. And acquitted himſelf in them all with ſo much Integrity, Conduct, and Gallantry, that the whole Army was full of his name, and nothing troubled them ſo much, as that our Hero had not been born a *Spaniard*.

When they lay in Winter-quarters, *Liſander* (who, as I told you was Amorous enough, and the fitteſt man alive to be ſo) to divert the trouble which he conceiv'd for the abſence of his dear Miſtreſs, did ordinarily paſs a good part of his ſpare hours with the Ladies of the beſt

beſt Character, and Quality in the Town, and was every where ſo welcome, and his Company ſo much deſir'd, that oftentimes it bred ſuch little heats, and Animoſities amongſt them, as without doubt had been more publick, and made more noiſe in the world, but for fear of doing violence to their Modeſty. And by this means he never wanted the choiſeſt Laces and Linnen which the Country (famous for thoſe Commodities) could afford, or any thing elſe (in reaſon) which the Ladies had to diſpoſe of.

And when Summer came, that the Army was to March into the Field, it would ee'n have griev'd any bodies heart to ſee with what a Catholick ſorrow (as if the Sun had gone the wrong way) they receiv'd the killing news of his departure. And which yet extremely aggravated the diſaſter, their Diſcretion durſt not complain, or ſhow

their

their grievance in Publick, though among Confidents, and in ſeveral little Cabals, his name was the ordinary Entertainment, both of Song and Drink, and Company.

And as often as any fair opportunity, and ſafe conveyance offer'd it ſelf, it was ten to one he had ſome of their *Billets douces* and ſure 'tis more than pity they are ſo many of them loſt. I will only give you one in paſſing ſent him by a *German* Lady (as you will ſee) upon ſome March or other, which I have accidentally recover'd out of the mercileſs jaws of time, as well to teſtifie my obligations to, as aſſert the honour of the Nation, and to convince you they were only *French* men that made *Parler comme un Aleman* to ſignifie, to ſpeak like a Fool. The lines are in effect theſe.

SInce Fate Commands and we muſt part,
Farewel thou Conquerour of my heart,
Farewel the Kindeſt Engliſh-*man*
That ever cros't the Ocean;
Farewel that Face, that hath betray'd
The Honour of a German *Maid;*
Yet wer't to do again, I know
I had no power to ſay thee no.

I tremble ſtill at thoſe Alarms
That ſhook my Lover from my Arms,
A Maidens Curſes be his doom
That firſt invented Fife and Drum,
Curs'd be his Name, who ere begun
This Quarrelling with Pike and Gun;
Methinks a Tryal at the Bar
Were eaſier than this Trade of War.

Cruel Bellona, *now I gueſs*
Thou envied'ſt my happyneſs;
The Gentle Youth thy Breaſt did move,
And thou waſt fall'n thy Self in Love:
O uſe him well, and with thy Shield
Protect his Perſon in the Field,
For know dear Goddeſs if he fall
The ſelf-ſame Wound kills me and all.

What pity 'twere that Crimſon juice
Should only Plants and Flow'rs produce,
Whoſe

Whose every drop might get a Line
Of Nobler worthies than the Nine.
How full of fear is Love! and yet
If Beauty, Honour, Valour, Wit,
Can save a man from Destiny,
And brave the Fates, I'm sure 'tis he.

Then let your Death-charg'd Engines fly,
Let Ball, and Thunder fill the sky
Let Rivers swell with showres of blood,
The Earth grow drunk with th' purple flood,
The God of War shall Guard his Son,
Till these unfriendly days are done,
And then we'll Sacrifice one Kiss
To Venus Health, and one to His.

Till then may Victory and Fate
Conspire to make you Fortunate,
And may bright Honour ever rest
As in her Center on your Crest,
Nor shall a brazen Statue be
Enough to tell Posterity
Your Worth; a softer way shall raise
A living Image to your praise.

After

After four years ſpent in the Service of his Catholick Majeſty, a Peace being Concluded between the two Kings of *France*, and *Spain*, their Regiment had orders to March by land to *Barcellona*, a ſtrong Town, and a good Garriſon in *Spain*, ſcituate upon the *Mediterranean*. If the Ladies found themſelves ſo uneaſy in his abſence but for one Campagne, and in their own Countrey, with what affections, think we, did they receive the ſad news of this remote, and (for ought they knew) Eternal ſeparation.

For which of their ſins this happened I will not adventure to judge, ſure I am it was a ſevere puniſhment, and affliction to all the tender Sex, no man ever departed this world with more Tears, than the Beloved *Liſander* did the *Netherlands*, and indeed could one with

freedom have looked into all the Closets in the Town, he would have thought there had been one dead in every house.

The Grief was so great, and the Mischief so surprising, that they could not (in that distraction) so much as think of a remedy, or else without doubt they would have found means to have made some secret Address to his Excellence, that he might have staid: Or at least their jealousie one of another was such, that it hindred them from laying their Jewels together, to redeem that, which every body could not share in. Had it not been for fear that History in succeeding Ages should have mention'd it to their disadvantage, I believe they would have mutin'd, and committed a Rape upon his Person. And (as the *Thracian* women serv'd *Orpheus*) have got every one a

snip

ſnip of this Charmer, tearing him in pieces for the relicks, in the rage of their Love, as thoſe Cruel women did the poor Harper in the heat of their Anger.

This *Barcellona* was the Colonels own Countrey, and ſo the Order was of his procuring, and had coſt him both Paper, and Money before he could obtain it. *Liſander* (whoſe Advice the Colonel had made uſe of in this Affair) was very well content, and being a man of an extraordinary Spirit, even long'd (as other Knight Errants uſe to do) to be ſeeking new Adventures. And he was by this time a great Maſter of the *Spaniſh* Tongue, and Grindge.

As ſoon as the Colonel had received the Orders, he and his Lieutenant Colonel, and all other Officers of Note in the Regiment, went

to *Bruſſels* to Kiſs his Excellencies hand and take their leaves. Where the General, who had no ordinary eſteem for *Liſander*, and was a little unwilling to part with him, offer'd him an exchange of his Office (except he had a fancy for the Expedition) and money to boot, from another Lieutenant Colonel who was of the Countrey, and had a mind to go home to ſow Melons. *Liſander* thank'd his Excellence, and told him that it would compleat the obligations he had both to him, and the Army, if he would not now deny him leave, to bleſs his Eyes with the ſight of that happy Countrey, where all thoſe brave men were born. Your Merit (Lieutenant Colonel anſwered the General) I am well aſſur'd will commend you to the beſt Friendſhips, and the beſt Preferments wherever you come; but upon the word of a Souldier, I ſhould

have thought it my good Fortune to have beſtow'd with my own hands (as they might have fallen) ſuch degrees of Truſt, and Honour as this Government affords. But ſince you are ſo reſolv'd, Go on, and grow as Great, as your own Virtue. And now Gentlemen, ſays he with a ſmile, (Addreſſing himſelf to them all) Pray when you come into *Spain*, forget you were ever in *Flanders*, where the Cuſtom of the Countrey allows you ſuch freedom of Converſation among the Ladies. The Company ſmil'd, and *Liſander* fancying himſelf had a good ſhare in the Advice, May it pleaſe your Excellence (ſays he) I am of opinion, that men, and women have the ſame Sentiments and Affections in all Countreys, and if it be in Love as it is in War, the more difficulty one meets with in the Attacque, and approaches of a Strength, or Caſtle, the more

Content, and Honour one has in the Surrender. Well *Liſander* (ſays his Excellence) I pity thee, to think that once within theſe two Months, ſome calm Evening, about the *Ave Maria* Bell, I ſhall fancy thee going the round of a Ladies Lodgings, and playing at Bo-peep at the Corner of the next Street, to watch when the Window opens, and then making a company of miſerable dumb Signs, and *Platonick* flouriſhes. One while throwing Kiſſes which ſtick to your fingers in ſpite of your teeth, another while beating your breaſt with the ends of your fingers, and crying *Miſerere* inſtead of *Mea Culpa*. And it may be in the mean while, the ſcornful Lady ſhuts her Window upon you, only on purpoſe to let ſome Rival not half ſo Deſerving, witneſs the repulſe, and expoſe you to the laughter of the Obſervers. And then to take it ill, or ſhew any

Signs

ſigns of Diſcontent, would ſavour of the *Barbarian*. You muſt bear like a Vault, and ſuffer like a Martyr, or you may come to be perfectly Non-ſuited, at the charge of a little choler. This is very true I'll aſſure you. In *Spain* a Fellow that has a good ſtock of Patience, may now and then Rival a Hero, and have the better of him too, and he that wears good Clothes, though but a Serving-man, may ſometime carry a pretty Maid in ſpite of a Perſon of Quality. Love enters there, for the moſt part, at the Eye, the Ears are of little, or no uſe, except it be in Serenading, and there a good Fidler has odds of *Tully*, or *Demoſthenes*. This will all be new to me indeed (ſays *Liſander* with a gay Air) but your Excellence knows his Catholick Majeſties Souldiers are inur'd to——Ay, I know very well what they're inur'd to (the General interrupted him)

juſt as one came to tell him, that a Play, which was to be Acted that night, was juſt ready to begin, and deſir'd to know if his Excellence pleas'd to ſee it. He told the Meſſenger he would, and ſo immediately went, and for a parting Complement, took all the Officers, but the Colonel, along with him. For you will know that the Colonel, having committed the Conduct of the Regiment in this tedious March, to his Lieutenant Colonel, was buſie in his own preparations, reſolving himſelf, and his Daughter, the next morning early, would take his own Coach, and Travel at their eaſe, and convenience, without attending the halts, and reſts, which of neceſſity the Souldiers muſt make.

The young Lady whoſe name was *Clarinda*, was extremely handſome, and delicately well bred, and

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ſo much the dearer to him, that ſhe was her Fathers only Child, and that her Mother was dead, and had left the Colonel a Widower. She had for many years been brought up at *Antwerp*, among a certain Order of *Nuns*, which the *Flemmings* call *Biggeens*, whoſe main buſineſs is the Education of young Ladies. Whence he had caus'd her to come, and meet him at *Bruſſels*, in order to their journey. *Clarinda* was quite Raviſh'd, and Tranſported with her new Liberty, for (to ſay the truth) ſhe had had a very hard time of it among the holy Siſters, and eſpecially the two laſt years, which were ever ſince ſhe was fourteen. They had taught her every thing which might make a woman as compleat as the Stuff would admit, except thoſe little Intrigues of Love, which on e cannot hinder them from learning of themſelves. She had never

ſo much, as ſeen a *Romance* but one in all her life, which came to her hands by ſtealth, and the Tranſgreſſion coſt her the Penance of making twelve dozen of Flowers for the High Altar, and the repetition of the Seven Penitential Pſalms for fourteen cold Winter mornings together, on her bare knees in the Church.

She had hitherto only ſeen men at a diſtance, and heard them offer their Services on the wrong ſide of an Iron-grate, and a door with a Bar, and two Padlocks upon it. But now ſhe began to hope ſome more familiar Converſation, and pleas'd her ſelf not a little to think that once her Mother was a Maid.

Full of theſe thoughts as ſhe was, came two or three of the Court Ladies to give her a Viſit, and deſir'd her Father to give her leave to

go

go with them to see the Play, which certainly was the first she had ever seen in her life. The Colonel easily granted it, and testifi'd his obligations to them for the honour they did his Daughter, with two pair of cross bended Knees (as the *Spanish* Civility is) and a very formal Complement. Away they went together to the Play, where (as if the God of Love, and his Mother had Marshall'd the Spectators) it was *Clarinda*'s Fortune to sit in the next Box, just before *Lisander*, so that when he did but stand up, his Mouth was just at her Ear. Her Education among the Religious (as I was saying) had been so recluse, and severe, that they two had never seen, or had the least knowledge of one another before, and therefore those powers which influence our Amours, knowing the great work they had to do, and the little time they had to do it in, resolv'd

to make the most of it in this Conjuncture, and improve it to the best advantage.

At the end of the first Act; when the Audience had time to look about them, and consider one another, *Clarinda* imagin'd, that she saw at least twenty Ladies, from several places, with their Eyes stedfastly fixt upon her, (who indeed were all eying *Lisander* just behind her) and being a little doubtful and uneasie with the apprehension, she rose, and turn'd her self about, where *Lisander* who was standing up, and she were forc'd to look one another so full in the face, and so very near at the first Interview, that they were both of them extremely surpris'd, and almost startled. At the same instant they both of them found in themselves something unusual, that kept them, like two Marbles, in this Posture, stedfast,

and

and unmov'd. As for ſhame, and bluſhing the ordinary effects of Modeſty in ſuch accidents, they were quite loſt, and forgotten in the Extaſie, and Aſtoniſhment.

Whether the Image of the Play, (which when it is very Paſſionate, and well done, does (I know not how) inſinuate it ſelf into our Boſomes, and by a gentle violence warms, and ſoftens, and melts the very heart, engaging us for a party before we are aware, and making the caſe our own, though we know not why.) I ſay whether the Image of the Play, which they met with there, or the tender Diſpoſition they brought with them thither, or the Charms of Beauty, or the decree of Fate, or the frolick of the Blind Deity, or whether they all concurr'd in the Adventure, I am not able to ſay, but ſure I am, they were both Wounded, and both of them Lov'd (as good Muſitians ſing)

ſing) at firſt ſight. When the Amazement was a little over, Madam, ſays *Liſander*, (who had ſeen more of theſe Encounters) with a Languiſhing ſmile, and very ſoftly, If you have a mind to keep us both in Countenance, (for no doubt a great many eyes have obſerv'd this Action) you will in your diſcretion (at leaſt for this time) be pleas'd to carry it familiarly, and as if we were well acquainted, and let us ſeem at leaſt to diſcourſe as if we were ſo. With all my heart Sir, Anſwer'd *Clarinda* (with more promptitude, than one could reaſonably expect in a Lady of her Age, and Converſation) provided you will aſſure me, that like School-boys we do not fall out of jeſt into earneſt. I'll aſſure you Madam (ſays he) that rather than any acquaintance that ſhall either now, or at any time hereafter be Contracted between us ſhould

ſhould come to be divulg'd any otherwiſe than with your own fair liking and approbation I would be whip'd like a School-boy; but if you forbid me the deſire of that Honour and happyneſs, I muſt be bold to tell you, you ſhould have done it before I ſaw you, for now 'tis too late. And I am confident that all the world beſides is of my mind, that does not want, either eyes, or means to ſee you. Well Sir (reply'd ſhe) 'tis an eaſie thing for a Gentleman of your Wit and Breeding, to put a ſilly young Maid as I am, to the Bluſh, and ſilence her beyond the help of Reparty, and yet (continued ſhe in ſtifling a Sigh) if you do me no other ill, your Conqueſt will not be worth the publiſhing; and though you ſhould think it ſo, I could forgive you with all my heart. What other ill do you mean (dear Madam ſays he?) I would rather——I would rather

(ſays.

(ſays ſhe interrupting him, for the Second Act was already begun) you would be ſilent at this time, and have a care we do not loſe the Plot with our Chatting, for that's the ill I meant indeed. The Actors put an end to this Diſcourſe, which the Interlude betwixt the two next Acts renewed again. Pray Madam, (ſays *Liſander*) give me leave to ask your Ladyſhip, what it was you were ſaying e'en now about loſing the Plot. I have forgot (Sir ſays ſhe.) If I had done ſo (ſays he) it had been no great wonder, for I fancy I am in Love.

And how do you know but I may be ſo too (ſays *Clarinda* ?) Ah, Madam (ſays he) how happy would you make that man, (whoever he be) if the firſt knowledge of the ſecret did not ſtrike him dead with an Inundation of ſudden joy? And were it a par-

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donable curioſity, I think I could be content to ſerve an Apprentiſhip of ſeven years to an *Aſtronomer*, only to know his name. Sir (ſays ſhe) this is no proper Scene to talk, but if you will wait me at the Play-houſe door anon, as ſoon as I can paſs the Croud I will find means to aſſure you I am ſo in earneſt, and without the trouble of Apprentiſhip tell you the man too; for to ſpeak my mind plainly to you, though you are a Stranger to me, I have a fancy to employ you in the Affair, for methinks you look like a man of much Honour, and Gallantry, and one that I believe, may have a very particular influence upon the Perſon I mean. Sit you down now, and ſpeak not one word more to me till then. Thus far did this Treaty advance betwixt *Liſander* and the fair *Clarinda*, without the leaſt knowledge of one anothers Perſons, and it may be

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the point they were arriv'd at hinder'd their enquiries. Never a one of the Officers there knew *Clarinda*, and the Ladies that were in her Company, knowing *Liſander* was her Fathers Lieutenant Colonel, believ'd verily they were well acquainted. However they ſpoke never a word to her about it, becauſe ſhe was a Stranger, nor ſhe to them, for reaſons beſt known to her ſelf. It is to be preſum'd, that knowing ſhe had but that night to ſtay at *Bruſſels*, and conſidering that an occaſion of that kind once ſlipt through ones fingers, and loſt, was loſt for ever, and then the appearance there was (as ſhe intended to have manag'd it) of never being known, made her ſo free, and open hearted. For Secreſie, you muſt know, is a great Maſter-piece, and one of the moſt powerful, and cogent Arguments in the School of Love. And certainly

tainly he deſerves to be poyſon'd with his own breath, that dare but whiſper the favours of the *Paphian* Goddeſs, any where, but under the ſhadow of that Sacred Roſe, where the ſoft Nymph reſted.

To *Liſander*, theſe laſt words of the Ladies, made the Play laſt at leaſt four hours longer, than it would have done. And juſt at ſpeaking of the Epilogue he made a ſhift to gain the door, where, inſtead of his Miſtreſs, he met her Father the Colonel, who was coming to deliver him the Order, and to give him his Majeſties inſtructions about the management of the March. *Liſander* at that time had as lieve he had brought a Warrant for his Execution; however, he was fain to go along with him. For (which was the greateſt Argument of his Faith, and Generoſity) his Love always ſuperſeded his

his own private buſineſs, but the Service of the King always ſuperſeded his Love. By this means the Plot was loſt indeed, and the whole Intrigue defeated in its firſt Principles; for it was paſt midnight, before he was diſpatch'd, and had taken his leave of the Colonel, who at break of day the next morning ſet forward with the unfortunate *Clarinda* toward *Spain*. The young Lady as ſoon as the Play was done, pull'd her hoods over her face, and made what ſhift ſhe might to loſe her Company, only that ſhe might ſee, and ſpeak with the firſt man that ever ſhe Lov'd.

For you muſt know that the womens firſt Love does (like a Seal in wax) make an impreſſion in their very Souls. When all the Aſſembly was diſſolv'd, and ſhe found ſhe had waited to no purpoſe, ſhe went back again into the Houſe

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(pretending to have loſt a Fan, or ſome ſuch Trifle) and ſeeing he was not there, ſhe fell into an extreme Agony, and Swoon'd away. When ſhe came to her ſelf, ſhe found her ſelf betwixt two Gentlewomen, that knew her Father. She deſir'd them to Conduct her home telling them ſhe was not well, and indeed ſhe had not needed to have ſaid ſo, as ſoon as the Gentlewomen had look'd her in the Face.

She was fain to reſt four, or five times by the way before ſhe got home, but at laſt, with the help of the two Gentlewomen, and a Chair, which they preſt for that Service in the Street, ſhe was brought to her Lodgings. She was no ſooner in her Chamber, and in bed, but ſhe deſir'd them to leave the room, for ſhe had a mind to ſleep, and commanded her own Maids to wait without. Then had

ſhe

ſhe time enough, and too much to give the reins to her Paſſion, to indulge her ſorrow, and even diſſolve her ſelf in Tears, for the loſs of ſhe knew not whom, nor what. Unfortunate *Clarinda* (ſays ſhe!) No ſooner art thou reſtor'd to thy Liberty, but thou art for ever become a Slave to thou know'ſt not whom. The ſame day hath both begun, and finiſh'd thy Fortunes. Wretched Maid that I am! Are theſe thy fruits O Love? Are theſe the effects of thy mighty Promiſes? Are theſe the Pleaſures of thy Golden dreams? But why do I not rather blame my ſelf, and complain of my own eaſineſs. It was I that Courted him. It was my forwardneſs, that made me nauſeous, and my bad Conduct, that made him retract. It were yet ſome kind of ſatisfaction (if my Condition will admit of any) to know who he is, or where to find him; That I might

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upbraid him with his Ingratitude, and tell him though to no purpoſe) how much he has wrong'd one, who knows neither pain, nor pleaſure on this ſide Eternity, but to Love him. O honour, honour! Now I begin to think (though too late) how oft I have been taught thy price, and value; and how cheap I have ſold both thee, and my repoſe! Were it not to take a ſeverer Revenge upon my ſelf, by the Penitential Life, I mean to lead, I would Murder with a thouſand Wounds this Falſe and Treacherous heart, that let it ſelf be won ſo tamely, that yielded without ſtriking ſo much as one blow. But Mighty Love has carv'd an Image there, which (though I ſhall never ſee the Life again) I muſt for ever adore, and ſo to do it the leaſt violence were to add Sacriledge to Murder. Theſe, and ſuch like were the ſorrowful Entertainments

tainments of that night, but in the Morning, ſhe diſſembled her grief ſo well, that it hinder'd not their Journey, as well for fear of afflicting her Father, as giving him occaſion to ſuſpect the truth. Thus did the diſtreſſed *Clarinda* go for *Spain*, and (though ſhe could never hope to return) left her heart engag'd in *Flanders* with a Stranger, ſhe did not know, and to whom ſhe ow'd not one Farthing.

And now leaſt you ſhould think *Clarinda* the only unhappy Lover in the world, if you pleaſe to go a little back again with me, I will ſhew you *Liſander* labouring under the very ſame Preſſures: full of pain for the diſappointment, and full of Paſſion for a Lady, he did not know. The moſt part of that night, he took leave of the Colonel, he ſpent in walking the Streets

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(like a man that wanted Lodging) from one houſe to another, as long as people were up, and then from one Guard to another, till day appear'd, which drove him to his Quarters, leſt the world ſhould have taken notice of his diſorder. He us'd all the means he thought ſafe, or proper, to inform himſelf who this Beauty might be, but all prov'd ineffectual. And now he began to repent he had not exchang'd his Office, with the *Spaniſh* Lieutenant Colonel, that ſo he might have had time to find his new Miſtreſs, and with his own diligence make himſelf amends for the rigour of his hard Fate. Reſtleſs, and full of thought as he was, he roſe from his bed before he had well warm'd it, chang'd his Clothes, and (under colour of taking leave) viſited moſt of the Ladies in the Town, to ſee if he might find her in any of their Companies.

But he beſtow'd all his labour in vain, and only wearied himſelf againſt his March, which was to begin the ſame Afternoon. About two of the Clock the Drums beat, and the Regiment drew up in the Market-place. At length came the Lieutenant-Colonel attended with the Magiſtrates, and Gentry of the Town, to take a ſolemn leave. His trouble was ſuch that it might eaſily be read in his very looks. And every body knowing he was a man of ſuch Spirit, and Reſolution, could not but wonder, that ſo ſmall a matter, as changing the Countrey (which was his own Election beſides) ſhould affect him ſo much, without ever hitting, or ſo much as ſuſpecting the true cauſe of his Diſcompoſure. Sorry they were (though they lov'd no Souldiers) to part with *Liſander*, his temper had ſo little in it of the *Spaniſh* Inſolence (though he had ſerv'd

ſerv'd long enough among them to have learn'd it,) and therefore to teſtifie their reſpects they waited on him about a League out of Town, and then with a whole Volly of warm Prayers committed him to the Conduct, and favour of his good Fortune. He was glad they were gone. For, though their company would otherwiſe have been moſt grateful, and pleaſing, yet as his heart beat at that time, the compliment was unneceſſary, and the honour was troubleſome. Solitude had been a fitter Companion, and the ſhade of ſome ancient Wood or the bank of ſome conſidering Stream would better have ſuited the violence of his Grief, than a matter of Twenty ſtarch'd *Aldermen* with *Spaniſh*-leather Boots, and *Holland*-boot-hoſe-tops, with every one a mouthful of Wind, and an old Beaver full of Smoak. In vain did his Officers ſtrive to ſhorten the

day with a Bottle, or a Song, or a Story, or any new Amours they met with in the March. He was never ſo much at his eaſe, as when he was alone, and could complain without being over-heard. Many a time when he was a convenient ſpace either before, or behind the Regiment, he would begin thus with himſelf. The Gods have ſeen, and reveng'd thy wrongs, and my Cruelty (My dear *Sabina*, the firſt, and only conſtant Miſtreſs of my Vows, and Wiſhes,) making all thoſe Wounds, which were given me by thy firſt Beauty, pain me, and bleed again by the guilty touch of this laſt. With what aſſurance, what *Rhetorick*, or excuſes can I ever think of returning to thee, after the Errors, and voluntary Abſence of four whole years?

And, as if I had yet a mind in ſome meaſure to proportion the diſtance

diſtance of place, to the length of time, I am now running two Kingdoms further from thee. Forgive me dear *Sabina*, this acknowledgment is but counterfeit, and I do but flatter both thee, and my ſelf with a repentance which in ſpite of my reſolution is but falſe and ſuperficial. My Vows, my Vertue, my Faith, my Conſtancy, have all forſaken me. And (though Fate in pity to thee have remov'd the Object) yet have I no truce with my Paſſion. The Beauty of her Perſon, the Sharpneſs of her Wit, her becoming her Addreſs, like ſo many Familiar Spirits have taken poſſeſſion of my breaſt, and haunt my imagination day and night. But above all her Courteſie which (if one might interpet ambiguities to advantage) I ſhould call Love, has pierc'd my very Soul, and has in it, ſuch Charms as ſure a colder conſtitution, and a ſeverer vertue,

than that of mine could never have been able to reſiſt. Once indeed I thought I dream'd, I talk'd of nothing but *Sabina*; and vainly reſolv'd in ſpite of all the little ſtops, and lets I might meet with in the way, to carry the reſpect I had for her, pure, and undivided to my Grave.

But length of time (I ſee) and abſence (which is my own ſin) has almoſt obliterated thoſe old Idea's. 'Tis this Stranger, this new Face, (which I, alas! muſt never, never ſee again) which has given me my mortal Wound. And yet I am reſolv'd, that as ſoon as I have deliver'd the Regiment at *Barcellona*, and obtain'd my Diſcharge, I will, I muſt return to *Flanders* in queſt of that Face, whoſe Smiles, and Frowns determine the iſſues of my life and death.

Theſe,

These and such like were the pastimes of his Solitude. For, as all other Melancholy in its deepest, and most retired speculations is not without some mixture of pleasure, and satisfaction; so especially in Love, the contemplation, and remembrance of a Beauty we have lov'd, (though unsuccessfully) fills, and extends the heart with warm blood, and fresh spirits even in Despair it self. And this was the only consolation, which never quitted the perplexed *Lisander* in all his march to *Barcellona*.

The Colonel and *Clarinda* made several little stops in their Journey through *France*, but the Love-sick Lady found nothing there, that pleas'd her. Now and then she met with some Amorous Addresses, and those from Persons very considerable too, but they only serv'd to fan, and blow the Fire which

Liſander had kindled in her boſom, and which had now ſeiz'd upon her very bones, and marrow. Every new City furniſh'd her with new Admirers, but their Applications always recoyl'd into their own boſoms, and did them moſt miſchief at the rebound. *Clarinda* ſtood like a Rock in vain importun'd by the Waves, all the effect their fine ſpeeches had with her, was only to teach her how to ſet a juſt value upon her ſelf. Seven days after the Colonels arrival at *Barcellona*, came *Liſander* with the weary Regiment.

He was welcom to the Colonel as an Angel, and he deſerv'd to be ſo indeed, not only for his former good Service, but for his ready compliance with him to leave *Flanders*, and the great diſcretion and diligence he had us'd in the March. The day that the Regiment arriv'd, the

the Lieutenant-Colonel, and ſome other of the Officers, din'd with the Colonel, when after Dinner drinking a Glaſs of Wine (rather like Souldiers than *Spaniards*) *Liſander* (as if his good Angel had whiſper'd him ſomething in his Ear) was obſerv'd to be gayer, and liker himſelf than he had been all the March. *Clarinda*, according to the Ceremony of *Spain*, was not ſeen among the Gentlemen at Dinner, but eat in her own Chamber, where the Servants were ſo laviſh in repreſenting *Liſanders* Accompliſhments, that the talk caſt her into a deep fit of Melancholy, with bringing to her mind the Image of that man whom ſhe could never forget. When the Company parted *Liſander* was invited to lodge there till he was provided of convenient Quarters; and you may eaſily believe that when he accept-

ed the motion, *Venus* and her Son ſmil'd at the Omen.

Liſander had heard of *Clarinda* in *Flanders*, and underſtood that ſhe was now at home with her Father, but little did he think, that ſhe was the Lady, that had coſt him all the quiet, and content he had in the World, for theſe laſt two months. However to do his breeding right, he reſolv'd to Court the firſt opportunity, to bear up to her, and make her a Reverence. The next morning at a good hour (as if the Deſtinies had now repented of their anger, and were reſolv'd to make our Lovers ſatisfaction for their paſt ſufferings) *Clarinda* went to walk in the Garden, where *Liſander*, as he was dreſſing himſelf in his Chamber, was quickly aware of her. At another time he had needed no other admoniſher

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to diſpatch, and make himſelf ready for the encounter, than the warmth of his own temper, and inclination, though now, the laſt impreſſion his heart had receiv'd, made him uſe the occaſion with a great deal of indifference. As ſoon as ever *Liſander* enter'd the Garden, (ſays the Governante, who was waiting on *Clarinda*) Here's the Lieutenant-Colonel, (for ſhe had ſeen him, and deſcrib'd him to the young Lady (as I was ſaying) the day before,) and as modeſty and good manners oblig'd them, they walk'd ſoftly into a by-Walk, as it had been on purpoſe to avoid him, for it was early, and the Lady was in her morning Dreſs. *Liſander* thought it no point of his civility to go directly the next way up to them, (as if he had had no other deſign in the Garden) but intended to drop on them, as it were by chance, and ſo he began

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to round them, as one would do a Covy of Partridge. He was juſt come ſo near, that *Clarinda* knew him to be the ſame Gentleman, ſhe had ſeen at the Play at *Bruſſels*, though, by the favour of her morning Dreſs, he knew not her. And juſt as he pull'd off his Hat, and ſaid, *Good morrow fair Ladies*, the Colonel who had been taking the Freſco, ſteps forth of an Arbour at the end of the Walk, and ſaluted him, they two fell immediately into Diſcourſe, which gave *Clarinda* a fair occaſion to march off, without making him any anſwer, but a Curteſie. She was certainly much beholding to her morning Cloths, and more to the ſeaſonable interruption of her Father, for the prevention of that ſurprize and diſorder which muſt needs have attended the diſcovery on both ſides, and infallibly have given the Governante (who was well acquainted with

with the vanities of this wicked World) juſt occaſion to ſuſpect, even more than the very truth. As they walk'd off, the Governante ask'd *Clarinda*, What think you now of my judgment? Is it not as I told you? Is not the Lieutenant-Colonel a very fine man? Has he not a brave Port? And twenty other little Queſtions of the ſame ſort, to which when ſhe obſerv'd *Clarinda* made no anſwer, and ſeem'd not to mind her: She went on laughing, I warrant your heart has taken wing already, and you are in love with him at firſt ſight. Truly (ſays *Clarinda*) if one may be forgiven for falling in love with any man at firſt ſight, this is he; for I think him the handſomeſt, and goodlieſt perſon of a man, that ever I ſaw in my life. You have reaſon, (ſays the Governante) and I muſt confeſs, that ſuch ſights to a young Lady in a morning next her

her heart, are oftentimes of very dangerous conſequence. What dangerous conſequence do you mean (ſays *Clarinda*)? As long as Ladies confine themſelves within the Laws, and Obligations of their Sex, what danger can there be in an Honourable Love? The Governante preſently fancy'd (and well ſhe might) that *Liſander*'s preſence had a little mov'd the young Lady, but ſhe never ſo much as dream'd of any former Acquaintance. For though ſhe had been with her in *Flanders*, yet the night, that the young Lovers encounter'd one another at the Play, ſhe was not with them, for ſhe was buſie putting things in readineſs for the Journey. Though ſince their Arrival at *Barcellona*, (being well aſſur'd of the Governant's diſcretion, and finding ſome kind of eaſe in the bare Relation of her Love) *Clarinda* had told her the whole Story. When they,

they were come into her Chamber, ſhe bad the Governant ſhut the Door, and calling her to her, to the Bed ſide, with her face, as full of paſſion, and tranſport as her heart could hold, Dear *Leonora*, (ſays ſhe) This is the Gentleman. And with that, a ſudden ſhower of Tears, and an impetuous Storm of Sighs made her ſenſes retire for ſhelter, and threw her tender *Body* pale, and breathleſs on the Bed, where there was neither help, nor company (the more the pity) but the frighted *Leonora*. She ran preſently, and call'd two or three of the Maids, and by that time *Clarinda* was come to her ſelf again. This was rather the tranſport, and exceſs of joy, than any thing elſe, for now the day began to break up, and ſhe began to conceive fair hopes of that love which the Stars ſeem'd to favour, as if they had mov'd by her direction. And therefore, as

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ſoon as ſhe had taken a little Cordial Water, and the Maids were ſent away, ſhe began, and told her diſcreet Confident the *Bruſſels* Story (with all the circumſtances ſhe thought neceſſary to the management of the preſent buſineſs) over again. And now the matter is brought upon the Carpet, and a Conſult is held, what is to be done, or what Meaſures are to be taken in their Proceedings.

The firſt thing they agreed on, was to paſs an irrevocable ſentence againſt raſhneſs, and precipitancy in the caſe: And ſo they reſolv'd, becauſe (now there were no other Strangers, beſides the Lieutenant-Colonel, who lodg'd there) ſhe would be expected at Dinner, her indiſpoſition ſhould excuſe her for that day. This was done on purpoſe that *Liſander* ſhould not ſee her at unawares, but that they might

might have time enough to conſider, what methods they ſhould make uſe of for an Interview, leſt the ſurprize might give the World ſome untoward apprehenſions. All that day was waſted in uncertain Counſels, and nothing particular was determin'd, but that *Clarinda* ſhould make uſe of the firſt proper opportunity to make her ſelf known to him, and (ſince ſhe was now in *Spain*, and thought ſhe had him faſt enough) it was reſolv'd, ſhe ſhould treat him with more modeſty, and greater reſervation, than the firſt Encounter had promis'd, which (that ſhe might ſtand fair in his opinion) was to be pretended only jeſt, and raillery.

The Colonel, and *Liſander* in the Garden, diſcours'd the whole ſtory of the March, wherein *Liſander* was obſerv'd to deliver himſelf

ſelf all along with ſo much coldneſs, and indifference, that being modeſtly urg'd, he told the Colonel plainly, that he repented the Expedition, and had a deſign to pretend his *Ben' Servito*, or Diſcharge of his Majeſty, and ſo return.

The Colonel (as much as he could without entering into his ſecrets) endeavour'd to diſwade him, ſtriving to poſſeſs him with good thoughts of the Country, and laying before him the fair proſpect he had of raiſing his Fortunes in *Spain*, whereas the *Netherlands* wanted that choice, and variety of great Employments either in Peace, or War. In ſhort the Colonel laid before him ſo many reaſons of weight, interwoven with ſuch tokens of his good will, and ſo much paſſion for his converſation, that, before they parted, *Liſander* (tho he

he was well enough reſolv'd within himſelf) in complaiſance to the Colonel (becauſe he ſaw what trouble it gave him) was fain to tell him, he would conſider of it. The Colonel had more than a hundred times in *Flanders*, and on his Journey too, thought of a Match betwixt the Lieutenant-Colonel, and his Daughter: And to ſay the truth, almoſt as oft as he look'd upon her in the Coach, within himſelf, he could ee'n have wiſh'd her fairly in *Liſander*'s Arms. And now finding his inclination to return for *Flanders*, (though he thought it inconſiſtent with his gravity to be ſeen in it) yet he reſolv'd to ſhew him the fair *Clarinda* at the beſt advantage, and try whether fleſh and blood (which were as warm in *Liſander*, as in another) could reſiſt the powerful charms of her Youth, and Beauty.

The

The next morning going to ſee his Daughter at her Chamber, and finding her pretty cheerful and hearty, he bid her dreſs her ſelf that day, and come to Dinner. She did ſo, and about an hour before Noon, either to get her an appetite, or to give *Liſander* time and place to accoſt her before Dinner, ſhe walk'd out into the Garden. As if every thing had conſpired to further her deſign, it happen'd to be Poſt-day, and ſo the Colonel having ſome Diſpatches to make, kept his Cloſet the moſt part of the forenoon. *Liſander* having the opportunity in his hands, went to congratulate the young Ladies Recovery, and give her the reſt of that Addreſs, which the Colonel had interrupted in the beginning. As he came up to her, *Clarinda* (who was alone) was ſtooping down, and either gathering, or pretended to be gathering Flowers, with

with her back towards him. Madam (ſays *Liſander* when he was come within four or five paces of her) I am glad to—— whereupon *Clarinda* turning her head about, and looking on him, he could go no farther, but ſtood like one of the Statues in the Garden, that had ſtep'd from the Pedeſtal. He knew her (ſuch an impreſſion her face had made in his ſoul) as well as if he had never left her company, ſince the firſt time he had ſeen her, and was ſo thunder-ſtruck with the ſurprize, that except ſhe had pitty'd his diſorder, and ask'd him how he did, he had certainly remained longer in the Exſtaſie. As ſoon as he came a little to himſelf, he offer'd to kiſs her hand, but ſhe, who had already reſolv'd to make him believe, ſhe did but railly him at the Play, drew back, and deni'd it, telling him with a ſmile, that the cuſtoms of *Spain* and *Flanders* were

were different. Though the Countreys be different, (Madam ſays he) I hope your goodneſs is ſtill the ſame, and that your Ladiſhip cannot differ from your ſelf. No otherwiſe Sir (ſays ſhe) than what jeſt, and earneſt make the ſame Perſon differ. I remember I ſaw you at a Play at *Bruſſels*, and had a mind to make my ſelf merry with you, but, if that liberty of jeſt ſhall any ways influence your Addreſſes here in *Spain*, you muſt not take it ill, if you ſee me very ſeldom. Alaſs! (Madam ſayes he) how diſproportionate is it to the tenderneſs of your Sex, to make your ſelf ſport at the expence of anothers ruine. For that jeſting (if you call it ſo) has undone me. And if your jeſt have ſuch power, and charms in it, what mortal ſtrength can reſiſt, or human force oppoſe it ſelf to your earneſt. The wound which that fatal Edge-tool gave

me

me at that time, had certainly kill'd me before this, but that Fortune (I ſee) has kept me alive to make her ſelf ſport. Sir (ſays ſhe ſmiling) I think ſhe has choſen a proper perſon for the Province, for you do it to a miracle, and 'tis pitty, but we were in ſome ſuch place, as we firſt met, that the happy Company might partake with us, and I not bluſh with laughing at you thus alone. And that's my grief, (Madam ſays he) but when I have told you, with a Souldiers freedom, that I love you, that I have done ſo ever ſince I firſt ſaw you, and that I cannot chuſe but do ſo, as long as I live, laugh on in the name of Merriment, and know that my Paſſion is not the leſs ſerious for your turning it into Ridicule. Theſe laſt words ſhe thought were a little Cholerick, and Savoured of the Souldier, and therefore to let him ſee he had met

with

with his match: Pray Sir (ſays ſhe, bluſhing to think how ſhe play'd the Hypocrite) if you have any kindneſs for me, let me never hear one word more of it. You cannot chuſe but think, that at the Play, I had been told your Character, and who you were, and I hope you had wit enough to underſtand the *Irony*: But if you are not convinc'd of your folly with a jeſt, yet pray be ſo, when I have told you, you are to blame in good earneſt, and ſo fare-ye-well. With that ſhe mended her pace, and walk'd very faſt towards the houſe, and he to keep himſelf in countenance (if any body ſhould by chance have ſeen them) march'd along with her, crying all the way (like an importunate Beggar) Nay dear Madam, Sweet Madam, I beſeech you Madam, But one word Madam: What's that Sir (ſays ſhe?) That you would forgive

ſays

(ſays he) what's paſt, and take no advantage of Poor *Liſanders* weakneſs. It is your future behaviour (ſays ſhe) that muſt obtain your pardon, and your better Conduct in time to come, that muſt Apologize for your paſt weakneſs. Juſt as they came into the Hall, the Colonel (who was coming down to Dinner) met them, and ſo ſhe left them two together, and ran to her Chamber to tell the Governante the ſucceſs of the Encounter, and how ſhe had much ado to contain her ſelf, and forbear laughing in his face, to ſee him run along with her, like a Lacquay, Dear Madam, ſweet Madam, and ſo on.

The Diſcourſe at Table was divided between the Colonel, and *Liſander*. The young Lady (which would have ſeem'd a little ſtrange to one that had heard her in the

Garden, and were not well acquainted with the Cuſtoms of the Countrey) only fill'd a mute place, and gave a negligent Audience. *Liſander* was that day a little more Airy than he had been ſince his Arrival, and the Colonel was well enough pleas'd to imagine, he was a little influenc'd by the Converſation of his Daughter. And reſolv'd from that very moment, to give her more Liberty, than the Conduct of that wary Nation would allow, rather than *Liſander* ſhould want any honourable occaſion of cheriſhing the tender Sentiments he might begin to have for the Beautiful *Clarinda*.

That evening our *Amoroſo* took a walk all alone about the Town-walls, where his Encounter in the Garden with all its Circumſtances (as far as his confuſion gave him leave to remember) came freſh into

into his thoughts. *Clarinda* he knew had the better of it, and yet he found himſelf well enough ſatiſfied for the Defeat, with the unexpected retrieve of the Lady, whoſe loſs had almoſt made him deſperate. He was not us'd to be non-ſuited in Addreſſes of that kind, which made him bear this with a great deal the more impatience. And (though he had Conduct enough to diſſemble it in Publick) her *Spaniſh* vertue, and ſeverity did but ſerve to Fan the fire, and make his Paſſion grow the more impetuous, and unruly.

It was never ſo troubleſome to him, as when he was alone, and yet (which is none of the leaſt Plagues of an unfortunate Lover) he always ſtudied to avoid Company. This deſire of Solitude, and ſome little indiſpoſition which his Melancholy had procur'd, kept him two, or three days in his Cham-

ber, where 'tis impoſſible any man ſhould tell you how he paſs'd his time, or what he endur'd, but he, that has row'd in the ſame Galley.

Sometimes he would lay the fault upon his own bad manage, ſometimes upon the iron Manners of the Countrey, ſometimes upon his own eaſie inclinations, ſometimes upon the caſe-harden'd temper of the young Lady, and by and by loſt, and confounded with the trouble, (like other miſerable men) he would cry out, and complain of (I know not what) Starrs, and Influences, and Conjunctions, and Aſpects, which (I dare ſay) knew no more of the matter, than the Man in the Moon. Sometimes he fanci'd he had let ſlip the Fatal moment, the Critical minute in *Flanders*, and that now it was irrecoverable, and yet when he call'd to mind her preſent rigour, and ſeveri-

verity, his reaſon told him, that that liberty was only ſport, and *Burleſque*. And when he was once about to flatter himſelf with her ſudden indiſpoſition after ſhe had ſeen him the firſt time in the Garden, being told upon enquiry, ſhe had had more of thoſe fits, and remembring how coldly, and unconcernedly ſhe had entertain'd him upon the Diſcovery, all thoſe thoughts abandon'd, and left him full of ſuſpenſe and irreſolution. While he kept his Chamber, *Clarinda* (for more reaſons than he knew) ſent the Governante to make him ſeveral Viſits, though the only way to cure him had been to have come her ſelf. Once as ſhe had deliver'd her Ladies Compliment (which was brisk, and Gentile enough) he told her ſmiling, that he found ſo much eaſe, and benefit in every one of theſe welcome Meſſages, that he did

really believe, that if her Lady were pleas'd to make a Truce with the *Spaniſh* Ceremonies, and make him one Viſit her ſelf, her preſence would work a Miracle, and ſet him on his feet again in ſpite of his Diſtemper. As ſoon as *Clarinda* had receiv'd this pleaſant Addreſs from her Patient, ſhe (who had no mind he ſhould be loſt for want of ſo ſmall a Favour) went preſently to his Chamber, and with a look full of freedom, and Gallantry told him, that ſince he had deſir'd it, ſhe was come to be his Phyſician. Madam (ſays he,) if you have but brought the will of healing along with you, I ſhall never doubt the cure. Indeed Sir (ſays ſhe,) but I ſhall: For I my ſelf know, that I want one of thoſe two main things, which make a Phyſician complete, That is *Skill*, and you ſuppoſe me to want the other, which is *Honeſty*, and it may be you

you want that neceſſary qualification of a hopeful Patient *Faith*, ſo that, methinks, we have a great deal of reaſon to diſtruſt the ſucceſs. By your pardon, Madam (ſays he,) I can ſee none at all. For if it be true (which they ſay,) that every obſerving man (though no profeſs'd Phyſician) knows readily what ails him, where his Grief lies, and what will do him good, then am I confident of your Ladiſhips Ability in my caſe, And then for my Faith, I am afraid I ſhall carry, but too much of it, to my very Grave. But now, if you ſhould (like ſome of the Faculty, *Pardon the Compariſon*) keep a body in hand, and retard the Cure, either for the advance of ſome ſecret Intereſt, or the tryal of ſome curious Experiment, I know not whether I ſhould have more cauſe to complain of you, for the Cure, or the Wound. So Sir (ſays ſhe) now

it's out. Still the old Song, Flames, and Fires, and Darts, and Arrows: If you have nothing elſe to ſay I muſt leave you, leſt inſtead of my curing you, you ſhould infect me, and ſo, Adieu. With that ſhe ſtep'd to the door, and without any parting Solemnity, left the Diſtreſſed *Liſander* ſtudying a Rejoinder. This haughty Carriage of hers brought him a little to himſelf. For now he began to conſider, that 'tis the Adorer makes the Lady a Deity, that a pityful crouching, and ſubmiſſion, only ſerves to make the Ambitious inſolent, and where it does not meet with a true Generoſity, (ſuch as is almoſt inconſiſtent with the weakneſs of a woman) does but expoſe the devout to the greater Rigour, and Contempt. Theſe, and ſome other thoughts of the ſame kind, put the Cane into his hand and led him, as it were in ſpite of Nature, and

his

his indiſpoſition to take a turn in the Garden. Where he no ſooner ſet his eyes on that Fatal turf, where he diſcover'd his dear *Clarinda*, but the very imagination of her Perſon, her Wit, and her Addreſs, call'd him Traytor to his face, and made all this mighty Reſolution vaniſh in an Amorous thought.

He found ſomething within him that rebell'd againſt his reaſon, and eaſily ſoften'd, and overcame his moſt manly, and beſt adviſed determinations. His Soul was (on the ſudden) once again all Love, and Extaſie, and ſomething he reſolv'd to do in the proſecution of it, though he knew not what. And though the Enterpriſe every way ſhewed it ſelf very difficult, yet the greatneſs of his Spirit, which could not be baffled with Trifles, and the violence of his Love which was deaf to all denials, prompted

him to go on and proſper, or at worſt to fall and die bravely. He kept his Chamber no longer, though for ſeveral days *Clarinda* gave him no occaſion to ſee her but at the Table, where he could ſay nothing to her, but what the Colonel might hear. Though indeed all this averſion was but deep Hopocriſie, for ſhe was affected (what pity it was he had not known it) with every word he ſpoke, and every breath he drew, and what ever the ſubject was, he always diſcours'd ſo well, and ſo pertinently that every ſentence was his Advocate, and made an impreſſion in her very heart.

The firſt thing he reſolv'd on was to diſpoſſeſs that unfamiliar Spirit of ſtrangeneſs, which ſhe hugg'd ſo cloſe, and made ſo much of, as well to aſſure her ſelf of the Conſtancy, and Sincerity of his Love, as to convince him of the Candour,

and

and integrity of her own Honour. The fitteſt means, he could think of to this purpoſe, was an Intrigue with the Governante, whom he met almoſt every day in the Garden. For I muſt acquaint you by the way, that *Clarinda* had hir'd her with a new Gown, and Petticoat, only to appear now and then where he was, in hopes of receiving ſome dear Compliment, or other from him, though but at ſecond hand. The Governante, that very well knew both their minds, chanc'd to be one day in the Garden, where *Liſander*, after a little ſweetning Diſcourſe for a Preface, and her Confidence bought, and paid for with five double Piſtols, acquaints her with his Love to *Clarinda*, and his earneſt deſire of ſome proper juncture to wait upon her alone.

She ſeem'd to be in a little Diſorder at the firſt hearing of that,

that, (which indeed was no News to her) but the Almighty Gold ſoon compos'd her Spirit, and made her promiſe him her utmoſt aſſiſtance in any honourable Deſign, though ſhe were ſure to incur the eternal diſpleaſure of her Lady. *Of ſuch ſoveraign uſe, and vertue is this Omnipotent Ore in the cloſing of all breaches, and healing all differences between the two Blind Deities of Love, and Fortune.* Hereupon *Clarinda* reſolves, the next day after Dinner, to walk about half a League out of the City to a Countrey-houſe of her Fathers, and the Governante privately acquaints *Liſander* with it in the morning (who had been there two or three times with the Colonel. As ſoon as Dinner was done, he takes a birding Gun in his hand, and about half a mile from the Town (as if it had been by meer accident) he encounters *Clarinda*, and the Governante

vernante walking toward the Countrey-houſe. They were both veil'd as the *Spaniſh* Cuſtom is; and though *Clarinda* paſs'd by him without ſhewing her ſelf, yet the Governante (whom that office better became) uncover'd her face, and Saluted him, which oblig'd *Clarinda* in Civility (ſince they were known) to do ſo too. He offer'd her his Attendance in the Walk, and that in ſuch a powerful form of words, that a Lady (leſs inclinable than ſhe) could ſcarce have refus'd him without the imputation of Diſcourteous, and in fine was accepted for their *Salva Guardia*. The Governante preſently put her ſelf (as Gold, and good Clothes, and good Manners oblig'd her) into the Van-Guard, and gave our Lovers all the occaſion of Dialogue they could wiſh.

Liſander who had ſuffer'd enough

for

for one, and now was jealous of loſing another Opportunity, began to tell the Lady that he believ'd Fortune both without his knowledge, and merit, had done him this Honour to make him ſatisfaction for all the Torments he had endur'd for her ſake. If Fortune have made you ſatisfaction (ſays ſhe) then have you nothing to pretend of me. And except you have a mind to make me bad Company, and your ſelf troubleſome, Pray let me hear no more of this whining, puling-Love, that makes a man look like one of thoſe Hero's, that is juſt come from killing of a Giant, to lay himſelf down and die, for the frown of a Miſtreſs. For this will never take among people that know the World, and what it is to live, I'll aſſure you. Why then Madam (ſays he) let me tell you once again in the Rhetorick of a Man of War, I am in Love.

And

And in haſt too (ſays ſhe) methinks, But pray take me along with you, and tell me, whereupon is this Love of yours (that you talk ſo much of) grounded? What do you ſee in this Face, that ſhould make you think me ſuch a Fool, as to believe you can have any real affection for one that has ſo little Merit, and is ſo much a Stranger to you? Madam (ſays he) the ſubject of your Merit is a very large field, and the proſpect is very fair; but becauſe it wants not my Praiſes, and becauſe every man elſe might as well pretend he Loves you for the ſame Cauſe, I will paſs it by only in a ſilent Admiration. But when you ask me how I can Love a Stranger, there you do but beg the Queſtion, and command Reaſon from him, that for your ſake has entirely loſt it. A very fair Confeſſion, Sir, upon my word, (ſays ſhe.) And can you think, that

that a Young Lady ſo Fair, as you ſay, and of ſuch expectation as others ſay I am, ſhould ever be perſuaded to throw her ſelf away upon one that plainly Confeſſes he has loſt his Reaſon? And then to ſay you loſt it for my ſake is an Argument in the ſame mood, and figure with his, that, becauſe he had been Trappan'd for a wound he receiv'd in his Majeſties Service, pretended to be made one of his Privy Council, or anothers, who having loſt his Leg in a Sea-fight againſt the Turk, came to *Madrid* hopping, and hoping to be made one of the Kings Footmen. This will never do your buſineſs, Sir, and till you have more Reaſon, let me intreat you to trouble me with none at all. *Liſander* was almoſt Mad (and it would have made any body ſo) that a man, that wore a Sword, ſhould be run down, at this rate, with a Diſtaff. And

(ſtareing

(ſtareing her full in the Face) Madam (ſays he with ſome little heat) you may as well Command me not to breath, or bid my Pulſe ſtand ſtill, as hinder me from Loving, where I ſee I muſt needs repent, though (alaſs!) too late. A certain Demonſtration I have yet Reaſon enough left me to ſee I am miſerable. Thus dull, and inſipid were the poor *Liſanders* applications, and he was never in his life known to have ſo little Wit, as now, when he ſtood moſt in need of it. As it often happens to men of good ſenſe, that, when they have a mind to ſpeak beſt, and deliver their minds in the moſt proper, and appoſite words, have many times enough to do, to keep themſelves clear of Nonſenſe, and Solæciſm. *Clarinda* knew well enough, it was the trouble of his mind that made his Wit run ſo muddy, for ſhe had often heard him play the Orator,

Orator, and ſpeak fluently on a dry Subject. At laſt his Paſſion quite ſtopt his Mouth, ſhe had the field to her ſelf, and now ſhe talk'd without an Anſwer. It had certainly been a very pleaſant Entertainment to ſee the Ingenious Lieutenant Colonel March on, like one of *Pythagoras's* Undergraduates, all Ears, and no Mouth, and the Lady all the while Philoſophizing to him. Sir (ſays ſhe) (for ſhe never deſign'd he ſhould deſpair) if you be not happy it is your own fault. A wiſe man has more influence upon his own Fortune and content, than all the Conſtellations of the Firmament, as well thoſe that have beards as thoſe that have none. For where he cannot form his Fortune to his mind, he forms his mind to his Fortune. Thus Happyneſs has oftentimes its foundation in the Opinion, or Deſire, ſo that Deſire without hopes becomes

comes a Diſeaſe, To deſire, or take a fancy for what we cannot obtain, is to lay Snares for our ſelves, and to be Authors of our own miſery. When ſhe had finiſh'd this Harangue, ſays *Liſander*, like a man that's going to take leave of the World before his time; Let every body take warning by my Example, and may Heaven, and good Fortune defend all honeſt Gentlemen from thoſe Ladies, that have been bred in Cloyſters. With this, and ſuch like Diſcourſe, they paſs'd the time, till they came to the Countrey-houſe, where they had a neat Collation, and a glaſs of Wine in Ice, and ſo home again. All the way homewards *Liſanders* Love was the Ladies Game. It was well for him that Jeers do not go through ones Clothes, otherwiſe he had (at that time) receiv'd more Wounds, than *Julius Cæſar* in the Senate. I will not under-

undertake to tell you how he found himſelf all this while, I refer you to thoſe Gentlemen, that have ſmarted under the ſame laſh. When they were within half a mile of the City, comes a Gentleman (as if he had been ſent from Heaven for *Liſanders* Deliverance) in his Boots, and Riding-dreſs, and preſents him a Paper. Which when he had open'd prov'd a Commiſſion from the King for him to go to Sea. Now it is the Cuſtom of *Spain*, for ſome three Months every Summer, to ſend five, or ſix Galleys, to ſcowre the Coaſts, and ſecure the Kingdoms of *Naples*, and *Sicily*, and the Places thereabout, from the *Corſairs*, or *Turkiſh* Pirates. It was for this Service that four Companies were Order'd to be drawn out of that Regiment, and the Lieutenant Colonel to Command them. *Liſander* (whoſe will never diſputed with the Kings Ser-

Service) was well enough ſatisfied with the Honour, though it may be, another, that had Lov'd, as he did, would have receiv'd the Meſſage with ſome ſurpriſe. He was glad to be deliver'd a while from *Clarinda's* Tyranny, and he hop'd that two, or three Months abſence (which has a wonderful Aſcendant over young Lovers) might favour both his Love, and Fortune. As ſoon as they heard *Liſander*, and the Gentleman diſcourſing the Affair, *Clarinda* turn'd her ſelf round about upon the Governante, and look'd like Death. The Governante who was afraid ſhe ſhould have fallen down, immediately whiſper'd in her Ear, that ſhe was ſure it was a Deſign, and a Trick only to diſcover her Inclinations. This Invention of the Governante's was very ſudden, and ſeaſonable; for had ſhe ſcratch'd her head for it never ſo little, her Lady had miſ-

miſcarried, and the Secret had taken Air. But, as ſoon as ſhe heard this, ſhe preſently recover'd the trouble, without the leaſt notice, the Diſcourſe was ſo earneſt between *Liſander*, and the Gentleman. As ſoon as they came into the Houſe, the Governante haſten'd *Clarinda* to her Chamber, for fear ſhe ſhould have met the News again, before ſhe came there. As ſoon as ever they were alone, and the door ſhut, Dear Madam (ſays the Governante) be not ſuppris'd, but the News is moſt true, that the Lieutenant Colonel is to go to Sea, but I perſuaded you in the field, it was not ſo, for fear you ſhould have diſcover'd your weakneſs, and he have gone away with the Triumph. The Roſes of *Clarinda*'s cheeks crept into their Beds, and all the time of the Governante's Relation, ſhe ſtood ſtill, and ſaid nothing; but as ſoon as the Governante

nante had done, she fell a crying, and taking on, like a Woman that had Buried her only Son. Had not the Governante held her, she would have run directly to find her *Lisander*, so furious was her Love, notwithstanding all her Coy pretences, and dissimulation.

The Governante us'd all the Arguments, that the Affair in that conjuncture would admit, and all little enough too, to keep her from betraying the violence of her Love, by ways most monstrous and ridiculous. At last (when *Clarinda* could hear) and the Governante came to tell her, that it was but for two or three months, she was a little better compos'd, and begg'd the Governante to help her to Bed. That night the Governante went to *Lisander* (who was to go about his Commission very early next morning) in her Ladies name, to

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wiſh him a good Voyage, and a ſafe Return; and told him ſhe was weary with the walk, and in Bed, or ſhe would have waited upon him her ſelf. This was all to diſſemble *Clarinda*'s diſorder, and keep it ſecret between them two. All that night ſhe never laid her eyes together. She roſe more than twenty times, to look for that ſorrowful day, which ſhe fear'd might be the laſt ſhe was ever to ſee her beloved *Liſander*. At length the day broke, and about Sun-riſing the Colonel, and *Liſander* were both before the Gate under *Clarinda*'s Window taking leave. They embrac'd one another, and parted (as they were wont upon ſuch occaſions) like good Souldiers full of joy, and warm hopes. For *Liſander* was going on an Errand, which was like to bring him both Money and Honour, and for the Dangers he might meet wi

he never thought of them before they came, nor talk'd of them when they were once paſs'd. *Clarinda* was waiting in her Window, and though it did not become her to ſpeak, yet ſhe bow'd her ſelf, and ſent him away with ſuch paſſionate Wiſhes, as no heart, but one as warm as hers, can ever conceive.

All the time of his abſence ſhe pleas'd her ſelf with nothing, but thinking and ſpeaking of *Liſander*. She, and the Governante would (I know not how many times a day) be calculating, how far he might be off, how long he had been abſent, and when they might expect his Return. Sometimes they would be muſtering up their pretty Remarks upon his Actions, as his Walking, his Speaking, his Saluting, his Laughing and his Frowning; and another while they would be talking of his Perſon, his Face,

his Eyes, his Hair, his Waſt, his Arms, his Hands, his Legs, his Feet, and what not. When they had ſpent ſomething above two months in theſe little Entertainments, News came, that the Kings Galleys were in ſight of *Barcellona*, and homewards bound. They had taken more Prizes, and Priſoners that Summer, than they had in ſeven Summers before, in which Honour *Liſander* had the greateſt ſhare, beſides a Dividend of fifty thouſand pieces of Eight. That part of the Regiment, which ſtay'd behind, was drawn down to the Shore, and receiv'd the Companies on board with three Vollies of Shot, who return'd the Complement with three more. And thence, as ſoon as they were landed, *Liſander* led them into the Town, which bad them welcomer than ever they had done any Souldiers in their lives, becauſe they brought

brought Money with them. There was, as much (and more) crowding to see *Liſander*, as if they had never ſeen him in their lives. And as he march'd through the Streets, in the head of the Regiment, there was as many Windows open, as it had been at a Coronation. The Colonel was at that time at *Madrid*, and was to ſtay there five or ſix weeks to receive Inſtructions and Money for Recruiting his Regiment, which had ſuffer'd great loſs in the Wars of *Flanders*. So that *Liſander* choſe rather to provide himſelf Quarters in another Houſe, than to give the World the leaſt occaſion to cenſure, either his Prudence, or the young Ladies Conduct in her Fathers abſence. *Clarinda* was more ſenſible of *Liſanders* Honour, and affected with his good Fortune, than he was himſelf; and therefore the Governante adviſ'd her to keep her Cham-

ber, as well for fear of being abroad when he came to Visit, as for fear of discovering the Fire in her Heart, by the light of her Countenance. And yet it was resolv'd between them, either because they knew they had him fast, or to see how much a great Spirit could bear, she should shew him but just the same Curtezy, and receive him with the very same Civility that she would do a meer Stranger. *Alass, that any honest mans Quiet and Satisfaction should be determin'd by the false weights, and measures, by the Hypocrisie, and Dissimulation of a cruel, and ill-natur'd Woman!*

Every body that knock'd at the Gate alarm'd *Clarinda* with the same transport, and surprize, as if it had been *Lisander* himself, for, whoever knock'd, she still fancy'd it was he. The next day, about

two of the Clock, when he thought no body could either ſuſpect, or obſerve his haſt, he went to make his dear *Clarinda* a Viſit. She had already reſolv'd the manner of his Entertainment, which was this: She met, and receiv'd him in her Antichamber, ſuffer'd him to kiſs her hand, and ſo led him into her Chamber. After ſhe had diſcours'd him a while, ſhe ſate her down upon her *Eſtrado*, and left this Child of Fortune to Court her ſtanding upon his feet, with his Hat under his Arm.

After he had ſignified his ſenſe of the Colonels Abſence, and then Comforted both her, and himſelf with the great neceſſity, and advantage of it, he began by gentle degrees, to make her new Tenders of his old Services. The Fame, and Succeſs of his Voyage, and his fair reception inſpir'd him with

mighty hopes, that now his hand was in, he ſhould carry his Miſtreſs too. The torrent of his words was briſker, and more luxuriant, than it us'd to be, and one would have thought, he had reſerv'd the choice Meditations of two whole Months, and more, for this very occaſion. I need not tell you what effect his *Rhetorick* had upon *Clarinda's* Spirit, but certainly it was ſuch, as no Lady in the world, but her ſelf, could have diſſembled. The moment of *Liſander's* happyneſs, and her yielding was not yet come, and therefore with three, or four Sentences, and as many grave Regards ſhe Anſwer'd him, That ſhe was very ſenſible he was a perſon every way compleat, and hanſom, and that his Character, and Employment had been always ſuch, as might render any man conſiderable. That his late Naval Service had won him old Gold, and

new Lawrels, and for ever enroll'd his Name among the Favourites of Fame, and Fortune. That for theſe reaſons, he would do well to think of ſome Amours, that might be more to his advantage, and if theſe conſiderations would not prevail with him to deſiſt, ſhe aſſur'd him, that beſides the inequality of their Fortunes, ſhe had already diſpos'd of her Heart, and could not by any means think of altering her Reſolutions. *Liſander* heard all this with the very ſame looks, that a Convicted Priſoner receives the Sentence of his Death. Little did he think where ſhe had diſpos'd her heart, nor would the Agony give him leave, ſo much as once to imagine, it might fall to his ſhare. But as ſoon, as his cold fit was over, he told her ſuddenly, and with a heat little leſs than that of Anger, how ill ſhe had requited all his paſt Services; and that if his Deſpair

did not prove Mortal, he would hereafter ſtudy to take ſuch meaſures, as might give neither of them ſo much trouble, or diſquiet. Sir (ſays ſhe) I do extremely applaud your Reſolution, and I know no other Expedient that can reſtore the great Opinion, I have always had, of your Conduct, and diſcretion. Thus did *Liſander* take his leave, reſolving to maintain no other Familiarity with her, for the future, than what might juſt vindicate him from the imputation of ill breeding.

That ſame night, that he might ſeem to take his leave Gentilely, he brought two, or three of his Officers, who were excellent Muſitians, and his Confidents, before *Clarinda's* Lodgings, to give her this parting Serenade under the name of *Chloris*.

CHloris your Rigour was to blame,
Your Ice hath chill'd, and quench'd my flame;
Your Anger hath my heat allay'd,
Your Scorn hath cur'd the wound your Beauty made,
I'll Sigh, and Vow no more in vain,
You've freed a Captive by too strait a Chain.

I can your Pride no longer bear,
No longer hope, no longer fear,
The Arrow's fallen from my side,
Despair has done, what Love, and You deni'd,
My Passion's Murder'd in your hate,
And tho' you'd Love me now, yet 'tis too late.

This was the pleasantest Scene in the world to *Clarinda*, and the Governante, who were well acquainted with *Lisanders* Passion, and knew it was not in his power to stay away above two, or three days at most. They were ready to fall down with laughing to see him Cock his Hat, and act the Cruel, that, for all this appearance, would at the same time have fallen down on both his knees for a Par-

don, and have broke all the Instruments to boot, with all his heart, for consenting to the Song.

However, to make her believe he was in good earnest, and to try whether he could make *Clarinda* jealous, the very next night he went, and made Love in another place. It was a *Spanish* Address to a young Lady of Quality, perform'd upon the Street (as the manner is) just before her Lodgings. He measur'd the ground, more than a hundred times backward, and forward, with many a false, languishing look toward the poor abused Lady in the Window. He had two of the hardest parts to Act, at that time, that ever any man in the world undertook, to pretend a false Passion, and dissemble a true one. The poor Lady was so pleas'd with *Lisanders* Service (for all the Town knew him) that had not Modesty,

and the Custom of the Nation restrain'd her, she could never have stood to make more than two words to the bargain, here's the one, here's the other, and ee'n have let him in to rights.

She began in the space of two, or three nights application, to value her self, not so much upon her own, as upon the merit of *Lisander*, and made no more difficulty of entertaining his Love, than one, that had fasted three days, would to go to dinner.

In the mean while *Clarinda* who had still the news of all that pass'd, was resolved to sail with the same wind, to entertain another servant, and see whether he, or she could brook a Rival with less impatience. Having resolv'd on the Design she communicated it to the Governante, who was the best

Manager

Manager of such an Intrigue, that could be, and so they presently pitched upon the Gentleman. There was a Gentleman, you must know, that in *Lisanders* absence, had made two, or three attempts to no purpose, to insinuate himself into *Clarinda*'s service, and growing cholerick with the disappointment (which is the most unpardonable weakness a man can be guilty of) was bold to name the Lady, without that respect, and tenderness which were the unquestionable dues of her Vertue, and Discretion. The words in the proper and usual sence signifi'd well enough, but, because they were ambiguous, and capable of a bad Construction (which it may be he design'd) he was thought the fittest man in the World to be *Lisander*'s Rival. For they could not but suspect, that when *Lisander* came to understand his pre-

tensions

tenſions, he would certainly grow impatient, and his Paſſion might at once revenge his own, and *Clarinda*'s wrongs, in giving his Rivall the *Baſtinado*. The Deſign being thus laid, the next morning they met the Cavalier at Maſs where (never dreaming that ſhe knew how he had injur'd her) he was almoſt raviſh'd, to See *Clarinda* caſt now, and then an amorous Glance upon him, as it were by ſtealth, and as if ſhe were afraid to be ſeen. He began to conſider whether he had alter'd his Garb, or ſhe her mind, but wherever the Secret lay, he was ſure ſhe had conceiv'd ſome advantageous ſentiments of his Perſon, and therefore his Wiſdom thought it fit to puſh his good fortune, and ſtrike while the Iron was hot. As they were coming out of the Church, ſhe look'd back upon him again, which ſufficiently confirm'd his

opinion

opinion, and made him resolve to go Serenade her that very night. The good Gentleman spent the whole day in providing himself of four of the best Musitians, that were to be had in the City, to grace the solemnity. And, at night, full of expectation, he made a fine *Parade* with his Fidlers before her window, where he began to Sing her such a parcel of doggerel Couplet, of his own making, as might very well have given him a right to a good drubbing, though he had never done any thing else amiss in all his life. *Lisander*, who had his Spyes abroad, presently got notice of it, as he was practising Love in the next street, Sacrificing whole *Hecatombs* of flying Kisses, and paying a thousand silent speaking Reverences to his new Saint. You must pardon him, if he took his leave a little abruptly; for the

counterfeit

counterfeit Paſſion, he had for his new Miſtreſs, eaſily gave place to the true one he had for his Rival. Leſt the Serenaders ſhould have loſt their labour, away he goes in all haſt, attended only by two of his own Souldiers, that brought him the intelligence, who were truſty fellows, and excellent company in a doubtful occaſion. As ſoon as ever they came up with the Muſick, without any other greeting, at a matter of half a dozen blows, they broke two fiddles, and as many heads, whereof his Rival's chanc'd to be one. This Adventure was one of the ſtilleſt (of a rough one) that ever I heard of. The Enemy took the retreat without ſo much as ſaying, what's the meaning of this? So that there was not one word of complaint, or controverſie, nor the leaſt noiſe in the World, beſides that of the ſtaves. For *Liſander*

der came not to fight and quarrel, but to correct, and chaſtiſe, and the poor Fidlers were ſo frighted with the ſurpriſe, that they quite forgot they had any ſwords on. *Clarinda*, who was a party in the action and ſaw all the circumſtances of it, from her window, better than they that perform'd it, was better pleas'd than ever ſhe was with any thing in all her life. And as ſoon as ſhe could for laughing, ſhe vow'd to the Governante, that the Gentlemans Diſhonour ſhould for ever excuſe her from ſhewing him the leaſt favour. But ſhe might have ſpar'd that breath, for *Don* was a *Spaniard*, and was ſo much aſham'd to have ſuffer'd ſuch an affront, and ſo tamely before his Miſtreſs, that he durſt ſooner thought of dying, than of ever coming in to her ſight again.

Liſander

Liſander having by this action confeſſed the power of his Love, and his impotence to diſſemble it, preſented himſelf the next day to *Clarinda*, made a profound ſubmiſſion, and beg'd her pardon. She found her own ſtrength, and his weakneſs, and intending to make her own uſe of both, ſhe told him, that his relation to the *Colonell*, and his own merit, ſhould at any ſeaſonable hours open him the doors of that Houſe, and make him welcome as a Friend; But if he ſtill perſiſted to pretend any farther, ſhe muſt be forc'd to make uſe of thoſe Expedients, which ſhe was not willing to think of. *Liſander* had enough to ſay, but durſt not anſwer one word at that time, for fear of moving her diſpleaſure, which was more terrible to him, than a Cannon in a breach, charg'd with ſmall ſhot. However he ſtill frequent-

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ed the Houſe, and was as familiar there as if he had been at home. And though it was directly forbidden him, yet when he found *Clarinda* in a good humor, he could not chuſe but give the old ſtring now and then a gentle touch, and let her ſee by Some paſſing Trope that his Love was above her rigour. When he ſpoke ſo plain that ſhe was oblig'd to take notice of it, he was ſure to loſe her Company for that time, which made him day, and night beat his brains, and weary himſelf to find out ſome deſperate Remedy, that might either kill, or cure; Some Expedient to ſet *Clarinda* on the rack, and force her with one breath to determine the ſucceſs of his weary Love. For a downright Deſpair, he knew could make him dy but once, whereas, that doubtful hope, that temper'd Cruelty, thoſe corrected Poyſons, made

made him ready to give up the Ghoſt once, or twice a day. And what gave him very wonderful apprehenſions, his utmoſt diligence could never yet learn, who (as ſhe told him) ſhe had diſpos'd of her Heart; for he never heard, that ſhe entertain'd any Gentleman, but himſelf. In the midſt of this perplexity, Love, and Fortune, who had long pittyed his ſufferings laid their heads together, and undertook his Deliverance, which was thus.

Liſander having a mind to ſee the Regiment together, and exerciſe them, Commanded them to be in Arms by the Sea-ſhore next morning at the opening of the Gates. It happen'd the ſame Evening, that four tall Ships were come to anchor near the ſhore to take in freſh water, and as ſoon as ever it was light in the morning,

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loos'd their foretop-ſails, and were weighing anchor, intending within two hours to be under Sail again. *Liſander* who was upon the ſhore with the Regiment, gave his Captain Commandant inſtructions what to do, till he came back, and went privately into the City to try his laſt practice upon *Clarinda*. He came up to her Chamber door, and knock'd in more haſt than he us'd to do, and the Governante opened him the door; for her Lady was juſt up. As ſoon as he enter'd the room, the Governante withdrew, imagining he might have ſome extraordinary buſineſs, becauſe it was ſo early, and he ſeem'd to be in ſuch haſt. Now Madam (ſays he) to *Clarinda*, I am come to take my leave of you, and (as I have often done in jeſt) bid you Farewel for ever, in good earneſt. And with that he led her to the window,

dow, ſhew'd her the Regiment on the Shore, the Ships with their fore-topſails looſe, and their anchors on peak. And then told her, that, laſt night late, he had received News, that there were great appearances of another War with *France*, and an Order to embarque, in thoſe Ships with the Regiment for *Flanders* again, where the Colonell was to meet them.

That he had not a moment to ſtay, but beg'd her a thouſand pardons for all the indiſcretions, which his paſſionate Love might ever have been guilty of, and wiſh'd her all the ſatisfaction ſhe could ever hope, or promiſe her ſelf in her own unmovable Inclinations. *Clarinda* during this Narration, turn'd her eyes, I know not how many times, from *Liſander* to the Ships, and from the

Ships

Ships to *Liſander*. And ſeeing the trouble, and confuſion he was in, (which indeed was for fear his Project ſhould have miſcarry'd) She threw her arms about his neck, and fell on weeping moſt pittifully. Had it been to ſave both their lives, She could not have ſpoken one word; but with the ſame hold, She kiſs'd him a thouſand times, and wet all his face with her tears. *Liſander* ſeeing the fury of her Paſſion, began to miſtruſt the Effects of it, and was ready to repent the Experiment. And though he knew there was no reaſon for it, yet he could almoſt have found in his heart to have wept for company. Dear Madam (ſays he) ſpeak, and let me go. Never, Never, my dear *Liſander* (ſays ſhe,) and ſo ſhe fell on weeping again with that violence that ſhe could not get out another word. As ſoon as ſhe was

was come a little to her ſelf, Falſe, and perfidious man (ſays ſhe) could thy Cruelty find no other way to put an end to this miſerable life of mine? Is this the fruit of all your Vows, and Oaths? Is this indeed the end of all your pretended Love, and Conſtancy? Dear *Liſander* let me in pitty die by your hand to prevent that more cruell, and unfortunate death, which I ſhall meet in your abſence. Madam (ſays he, with no little amazement,) If all this be Love, it is either very young, or you have been extremely in the wrong to diſſemble it all this while. For now, Dear Madam I muſt tell you, the time is paſs'd, and 'tis too late to recall it. Bear your fate, as well as you may, though I am ſure in a very little time to ſink under mine. And whereas a ſeaſonable freedom might have made us both happy,

this

this ill-tim'd Love of yours, worſe than Diſdain, ſhews it ſelf too late, like a flaſh of Gunpowder after the Execution is done. May my grief, and hard fate (ſays ſhe) light on them, that firſt impos'd this uneaſie modeſty, this ſelf-murdering reſervation upon the frailty of our Sexe. I have lov'd you, my Dear *Liſander*, as my own Soul, ever ſince the firſt time I ſaw you; it is to you I have diſpos'd my Heart, and methinks a man of your reaſon, might have read as much in my very Eyes. *Dear Liſander*, either ſtay here, or take me with you, or do ſomething—— and then her ſorrow interrupted her again, that ſhe could go no farther. Madam (ſays he) I had been the happieſt of all mortal men, had I but known you Inclinations a little ſooner; but it's now to late. I can neither take you along with me, nor yet diſobey the

the Kings Order, and ſtay here. All I can ſay, is this, If I have but one half hours leaſure, before we ſet Sail, I will wait upon you again to receive your laſt Commands. With that they kiſs'd, and Embrac'd one another once again, and ſo they parted. As ſoon as *Liſander* was gone the Governante came in, and found the ſorrowful Lady groveling upon the bed, with her face towards the pillow, ſtriving in vain to ſtiffle that Grief, which was now grown ſtubborn, and unruly. She was a good while before ſhe could tell her the ſad tidings, which when ſhe had ended, ſhe fell on raving, and curſing the advice, and conduct of all ſuch Governantes. Poor *Leonora* knew not what to ſay or do. She would have told her, as ſhe did the laſt time in the field, that it was all meer deſign, and fiction, but ſhe

foreſaw, that Wheadle was not like to paſs twice. And finding her Lady utterly incapable both of comfort, and counſel, ſhe told her, ſhe would ſtep down to the ſhore, and inform her ſelf better. That it may be, things were not altogether ſo deſperate, as ſhe fancy'd them; and if there were any thing left to hope, they would leave nothing unattempted, that might contribute to her ſatisfaction. *Drowning men catch at any thing.* And ſeeing the Governante had yet ſome little heart, *Clarinda* rais'd her face a little from the Pillow, and bade her go. The Governante made fewer ſtrides to to the ſhore, than ever ſhe did in her life (though it were to an Aſſignation.) And finding a huge croud of people there (who were come to ſee the Regiment Exerciſe) and ſeeing Marriners ſo buſie at work ſhe never ſo much as doubted

the

the truth of *Liſander*'s Relation. As ſoon as ever an occaſion preſented it ſelf, ſhe ſaluted one of thoſe Officers, which I was telling you were *Liſanders* Confidents, and wiſhed him a fair Wind and a good voyage. What do ye mean Madam (ſays he?) I mean to *Flanders* Sir (ſays ſhe.) Not this year I hope (ſays he) Madam, we were there but too lately. Pray Sir (ſays ſhe) whither are you bound then? No whither Madam (ſays he) that I know, but to Exerciſe. And juſt then the Lieutenant Colonel call'd him to his command. This Officer preſently imagin'd there was ſomething in the bottom of the Governantes diſcourſe, but he thought it inconſiſtent with his diſcretion to ſound her, or enquire any further. The Governante run home again like lightning, and by the way two or three of her acquain-

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tance asked her, if she had been to see the Regiment Exercise, which confirm'd her, that the Story of returning to *Flanders* was but one of *Lisanders* Practices upon the Lady. The good News drove her home again in as much haste, as the fright had driven her abroad, and had it not been for drawing the boys after her, I believe she had gone faster. As soon as ever she came into the Chamber, Courage Madam (says she) Courage, And when she had breath enough, She told her, We are abus'd, Madam. There is no such thing. The Regiment is not going on board: It is only exercising upon the shore. And if you please to come to the window here, you may see them, (For till then she durst scarce have look'd out, though a look would have stay'd the Regiment.) It was then, that *Clarinda* first began to reflect

upon

upon *Liſanders* Policy, and her own weakneſs. And going to the window, ſhe ſaw the Ships ſail, and the Regiment continue their Exerciſe upon the ſhore. The tacite ſhame, and ſenſe of her diſhonour was almoſt as troubleſome, as if the Regiment had ſail'd indeed. Sometimes ſhe fancy'd it a Judgment upon her from the God of Love, (if there be any ſuch Deity) for her hypocriſie in his ſervice and her bad uſage of *Liſander*. Sometimes ſhe thought *Liſander* had but pay'd her her own, and that his Revenge was but juſt. And ſometimes ſhe was in pain to think, how ſhe ſhould receive him the next time he came. When the Exerciſe was done, and *Liſander* had led the Regiment to the Market-Place, and diſcharg'd them, they ſaw him give his Pike to his ſervant, and come directly towards her Lodgings. She bade the Go-

vernante ſtep to the door, and tell him, her Lady was not well. The Governante did ſo; to whom he made no other reply, but, that he was ſorry for it, and ſent her his ſervice, and ſo march'd off. This Excuſe (as he look'd upon it) of her indiſpoſition, madded him to the very heart, and made him reſolve, now he knew her ſecret, that he would never ſee her again, till he was ſent for. Three days, and three nights did theſe Lovers keep their points, each of them expecting the other ſhould addreſs firſt. In the end *Liſander* had the better of it, and let her ſee what it was for a Woman to ſlight a Perſon whom ſhe lov'd. She could endure no longer than the fourth day, and then ſhe ſent the Governante early in the morning, to meet him at Maſs, and invite him to her Lodgings. The Governante did ſo, and he promis'd he would

would come, though he told her it could not be till afternoon, for he was engag'd to dine with a Friend.

This was a little ſtrange to *Clarinda*, for ſhe had known the time when he would not have deferr'd the favour, to have din'd with an Emperor. About four of the Clock he came, and the Governante (as ſhe was Commanded) went forth of the Chamber, as ſhe let him in. *Clarinda* was ſitting upon her *Eſtrado* at her Needle, where *Liſander* with a Smile march'd up to her, and Saluted her, which ſhe return'd with a grave, and Modeſt regard. She had not yet determin'd what to do, or how to behave her ſelf, but look'd very Penſive and Melancholy, and whatever he ſaid, ſhe Anſwer'd him all along with a Monoſyllable, and Sennor. At length Madam (ſays he) if I

thought my Presence made your Ladyship uneasie, I would take my leave. With that she stuck her needle in her Work, and looking him full in the face. Sir (says she) Wherein have I deserv'd to be us'd so like one of your *Gallina's*? Or what have I done, that you could think of exposing my weakness thus? What is become of all that pretended Passion, and counterfeit Tenderness of yours? Or where is that respect and Civility, which in Justice all Gentlemen of your Character owe the Ladies? But I Confess it is too good for me. My easiness at the first Interview, made you think me fit to receive impressions, and all my severity, since that minute, could never set me right again in your Opinion. In vain, Alas! were the holy Sisters so many years in building, and adorning a Structure, which this false Ingrate has in a moment

ruin'd,

ruin'd, and laid in the duſt. In vain have they inculcated the obligations of our Sex, and read me ſo many Lectures of Decency, and Modeſty, which were all but like words written on a Wave, or like the Faith, and Promiſes of this Wretch, whoſe Deceit, and Treachery has taken, and demoliſh'd all the Out-works of my Honour, and left me nothing (Alas!) which I can call my own, but the Maiden-Caſtle. And then ſhe fell a weeping, which gave *Liſander* time to Anſwer. Madam (ſays he) when you have heard me ſpeak, if you think it fit, it will be time enough to Condemn me. What Error have I Committed, in making you Confeſs a truth, the concealment whereof (for ought I know) might have prov'd Fatal to us both, and have coſt us much dearer, than the Diſcovery? And as long as I am juſt, and honourable (that is as long as

I live) how can I think of expoſing your weakneſs? The Secret is among our ſelves, and, without you ſhall think meet to Diſcover it, is like to remain ſo. And now you ſee how forc'd, and unnatural the *Siſters* Breeding is: How inſupportable thoſe Cuſtoms are, that oblige us to diſſemble our ſtrongeſt deſires, to ſlight what we Love, and run away from our own Happyneſs.

And whereas, Madam, you ſeem to find your ſelf afflicted, for the indecency (as you are pleas'd to call it) of this laſt Accident, and may ſuſpect it may have ſome untoward Influence upon my Love, I will tell you, Madam, that whereas my Paſſion was always true, and ſincere, yet before, it wanted this to make it complete, to know I was belov'd. And now, Madam (that you have ſeen the vanity of it) if you pleaſe to ſet aſide all ſtarch'd Behaviour, and *Spaniſh*

For-

Formality, Let us be friends, and never fall out again; for I Love you better than ever I did, and will do ſo whilſt I breath.

At theſe words ſhe threw down her ſeam, and riſing up haſtily, ſhe threw her Arms about his Neck, and Kiſs'd him with as much tenderneſs, as ſhe had done when he pretended to return for *Flanders*. My dear *Liſander* (ſays ſhe) we have eſcap'd the Storm, and are now in ſafe Harbour, where we may ſecurely pity, or laugh at the Diſtreſs of thoſe, that muſt yet make ſport for *Neptune*, and the Winds. We have nothing left us now to do, but to Enjoy one another, and be Happy. And ſo ſhe took the willing *Liſander* by the hand, and made him ſit down by her upon her *Eſtrado*. I ſhall (for good Conſiderations) take no notice what farther Endearments might paſs between this happy Pair. Nor would I have

any

any longing Lover ſo much as deſire to know. They were both perſons, that underſtood themſelves well, and therefore it would be rude to doubt, or enquire into their Conduct. *Liſander* continued his Viſits, juſt as he us'd to do, and yet when there happen'd to be any Strangers by, he kept as great a diſtance, and us'd as much caution, and diligence in his Behaviour, as he did in the firſt of their Acquaintance. But when they were alone, their Converſation was free, and Gallant, and had no reſervation in it, but ſuch as ſerv'd to heighten their Pleaſures.

Sometimes they entertain'd one another with the curious Story of their Amours. Sometimes he frighted her into his Arms, with the terrible Relation of ſome deſperate Adventure in the War. And ſometimes ſhe drew him into hers, with

with ſome ſoft, and melting Air upon the Lute, which ſhe touch'd to Admiration, and Charm'd him with ſome Paſſionate Song.

I cannot omit to give you one of them, wherein ſhe does moſt excellently Paint her own Paſſion, and (as far as the Cauſe would bear it) Apologize for her own Infirmity. It was perform'd one calm Evening in a cloſe Walk in the Garden, when ſhe had call'd for her Lute, and diſmiſs'd the Servants. The words were theſe:

HOw oft have I vow'd, that no Mortal ſhould move
The pityleſs Heart of Clarinda *to Love?*
Yet in ſpite of my peeviſh Averſion, I ſee
That in vain we reſiſt, what the Gods do decree.

How many Brisk Gallants, both in earneſt, and jeſt,
In vain have pretended a room in this Breſt,
Which a Souldier of Fortune, aſſiſted by none
But his Valour, and Fate, has eternally wonne.

No Laurels, O Cupid, *to your Conquering Bow,*
'Tis Mars, *and not you, that has giv'n me the blow,*
Nor am I the firſt, that has open'd her Arms,
Great Venus *thou know'ſt, to a Warriours Charms.*

I acknowledge, Liſander, *'tis too late for the Town*
To treat of Conditions, now the Walls are your own,
Yet the ruins of my vanquiſhed Virtue ſtill cry,
Uſe your Conqueſt with Honour, or know I can dye.

But

But the Heaven was too clear, and the Weather too calm to continue long so; And when their Bliss had once arriv'd at its *Meridian*, you cannot but expect it should decline again. Within the space of one Month the Hony began to lose its Taste, and both their Passions began to lose something of their Warmth, and Vigour. There was neither of them so fond of the others Company, as they us'd to be, though they were both willing to Conceal it. I know not whether they had surfeited of their own Happyness, or whether some secret Guilt, or remorse made their Love irksome, and imbitter'd the fruition; but certain it is, that the Familiarity they had Contracted by these tedious, and difficult Methods, did (like a Rivulet exhausted by the Summer Sun) insensibly begin to fail, and resolve its self into its first Elements of Strangeness; so that

that neither of them car'd, how ſeldom they met, but for fear of diſobliging the other. It chanc'd in the mean time that an *Engliſh* Seaman brought *Liſander* a Letter, of ſome eight Months date, from his Dear, and Virtuous *Sabina*, to whom he had plighted his firſt Vows, and whom in all his Gallantries he had never forgot. The Contents were theſe:

Sabina *to* Liſander.

My Dear *Liſander*,

IF this Paper ſhould chance to come to your hand, believe it when it tells you, your Sabina *is weary of the world, and would hate the very Light, but that ſhe flatters her ſelf, it will once again ſhew her her Beloved* Liſander: *If it never reach you, it does but follow the Fate of a hundred of its Brethren, who (I*

know

know by your delays) have loſt themſelves (as well as I) in the enquiry, and furniſh'd matter of laughter, to thoſe they were never intended for. Too too fatal Emblems (alas!) of my Misfortune, and full of Love, and Impatience, as any thing in the world but the poor Heart of

Your Diſtreſſed Sabina.

In the ſame Moment that he read this Letter, he reſolv'd upon his return, and began to think of an excuſe for his long Abſence. And calling for Pen, and Ink, he deliver'd the Seaman (who was homeward bound) this Anſwer :

Liſander

Liſander *to* Sabina.

My own Dear *Sabina.*

AS ſoon as I had open'd yours, I found my own thoughts ſo well Expreſs'd, that I had like to have Tranſcrib'd it, and (having [illegible] ſent it back again in Anſwer. I will only add, that Love, and Impatience have made me reſolve, to tell you very ſpeedily in Perſon, that it is not in the power of Seas and Mountains any longer to ſeparate, and keep alive two Bodies, that have but one Soul. Courage (my dear Sabina*) and the joy which ſparkles in your Eyes, ſhall like ſome propitious Star, ſerve to light me back again through the Ocean,*

Ocean, and forever after influence all the Happyneſs of

Your own Liſander.

Immediately in order to his Departure, he diſpatch'd another Letter to the Colonel, to ſatisfie him of his Reſolution, and deſire him to procure him his Majeſties Diſcharge, and for ſome Conſiderations of his own enjoyn'd him all the Secreſie, the Affair was capable of. The Colonel (having lost all hopes of having *Liſander* his Son-in-Law) wrote *Clarinda* word, that he had provided her a Husband at *Madrid*, and Commanded her to prepare for her Journey thither, within fourteen days.

F Theſe two Letters of the Colonel, and *Sabina* were receiv'd by our

our Lovers with equal joy, and conceal'd from one another with equal induſtry; and both of them make private preparations for their ſeveral Journeys. *Clarinda* preſently wrote to her Father, that he would take no notice to any body of the Match, becauſe the event was yet uncertain, and ſo he never ſo much as mention'd it in his Letter to *Liſander*. About fourteen days afterwards, in the ſame Pacquet (Directed to *Liſander*) came the Kings Diſcharge, and the Ladies Commands to ſet forth for *Madrid*. They both began their Journey on the ſame day, and both under falſe Colours, and Pretences. And though they had been both very well content with the whole truth, yet neither of them durſt begin to declare. They were each of them very ſparing in asking Queſtions about the others Journey, for fear of being oblig'd

to

to Anſwer ſome about their own.

At parting they took a very Formal, and Compos'd leave without the leaſt Tranſport or Paſſion, at which they both extremely wonder'd. After parting the only thing they were each of them very ſolicitous about, was the great trouble, and perplexity which would ſeize upon the other, when the Myſtery came to be reveal'd. *Liſander* doubted how poor *Clarinda* would receive the News of his Departure for *England*, and her greateſt affliction was, to think how he would endure to hear of her Marriage.

When *Liſander* came to *Paris*, he was inform'd by Letters in the Poſt-office from the Colonel (for all things were now concluded, and made

made Publick) that his Daughter was happyly Marri'd, which made *Liſander* finiſh his Journey to *London* with great ſatisfaction. And the Colonel had told *Clarinda* upon her Arrival, that *Liſander* had got his Diſcharge and was gone for *England*, which remov'd the Secret grief, and trouble which would otherwiſe have been part of the furniture of her Marriage-bed. He was not many days before he Landed at *Dover*, with about threeſcore thouſand pieces of Eight in Bills of Exchange, and *Spaniſh* Gold, a Gentleman, Four men in Livery, and Seven Choſen *Spaniſh* Horſes. He was receiv'd at *Dover*, by ſeveral both of his own, and *Sabina's* Friends who had notice of his Reſolution by the Poſt, and were well agreed on all ſides about the Marriage, which now wanted nothing, but the Conſummation.

When

When he came to *London*, he was Conducted to *Sabina's* Lodging, and very ſplendidly Entertain'd, where the overjoy'd Lady threw her ſelf into his Arms, and in the Extaſie could not ſpeak one word beſide, *Welcome, my Dear* Liſander.

FINIS.

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